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VOL. XII. NO. 2.

THE

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Is, as heretofore, published on the first of January, April, July, and October, and forwarded by mail or otherwise to any part of the United States. Each number contains at least two hundred and sixty-four pages, well printed, on clear white paper. Subscriptions may commence with any volume, that is, with the number for January or July. Terms, \$5.00 per annum, payable in advance. Having purchased the back stock of the Review, the publishers can supply most of the old numbers on application. A few sets complete from the commencement.

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AND

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BY FREEMAN HUNT.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

AT 142 FULTON STREET, NEW YORK.

AT FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

The MERCHANTS' MAGAZINE AND COMMERCIAL REVIEW is devoted to TRADE, COMMERCE, and NAVIGATION—BANKING, CURRENCY, and FINANCE—MERCANTILE and MARITIME LAW—FIRE, MARINE, and LIFE INSURANCE—OCEAN, and INLAND NAVIGATION—NAUTICAL INTELLIGENCE—INTERNAL IMPROVEMENTS—including CANALS, RAILWAYS, and PLANK ROADS—RIVERS and HARBORS, and in general all subjects involving the great COMMERCIAL and INDUSTRIAL INTERESTS of the Country and the World.

It has been ever the constant aim and untiring effort of the Editor and Proprietor to make the Work at once a journal of the latest Commercial Intelligence and a standard Library of Reference on all topics of Trade, not less indispensable to the STATESMAN, POLITICAL ECONOMIST, JURIST, FINANCIER, BANKER, BROKER, SHIPMASTER, SHIP-BUILDER, MECHANIC, and MANUFACTURER, than to the MERCHANT and BUSINESS MAN; and from the necessarily comprehensive range of its discussions and its Statistics, taking in, as it does, every subject in the wide field of Commerce, the pages of the Magazine will always be found to embody a vast fund of knowledge for the Farmer—also for the Cotton Planter of the South and the Grain Grower of the North.

The Editor and Proprietor has endeavored to infuse into this Magazine a national spirit and character, by securing the aid of able correspondents in all parts of our wide-spread Republic, and by exhibiting the resources of every State and Territory of the Union. On mooted points in political economy, banking, and the principles of trade, he has freely admitted articles advocating antagonistic doctrines and opinions; and, while it is his great aim to exhibit facts and embody the scientific and practical operations of Commerce, the Magazine will be ever open to the free and fair discussion of every subject legitimately falling within its general scope and its original design.

The number for December, 1852, completed the TWENTY-SEVENTH semi-annual volume of the *Merchants' Magazine*. The work has been enlarged more than one third since its commencement in July, 1839, and each volume now contains nearly *Eight Hundred* octavo pages. A few complete sets of the Magazine may be obtained at the publisher's office, 142 Fulton street, New York, neatly and substantially bound for *Two Dollars* and a *Half* per volume.

TESTIMONIALS

FROM CHAMBERS OF COMMERCE, BOARDS OF TRADE, AND MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATIONS.

By the Paris (France) Chamber of Commerce.

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE OF PARIS.

Paris, 26 December, 1849.

MR. FREEMAN HUNT—Sir: The Chamber of Commerce of Paris, having had occasion to consult the Magazine which you have published for so many years past, could not but fully appreciate its great merit. It has remarked the sustained zeal and care with which you have brought together in its pages statistical matter of the highest interest, as well as disquisitions of the utmost importance and utility; and the Chamber knows of no better way of testifying its appreciation of your work than by subscribing for the Magazine for its Library. The Treasurer has been directed to charge one of our correspondents in New York with this duty, and also to forward to you this letter, which we conclude, sir, by offering you the assurance of our highest consideration.

LEGENTIL, President of the Chamber.

HORACE SAT, Secretary.

Resolutions of the New York Chamber of Commerce.

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, New York, May 1, 1849.

At the annual meeting of the Chamber of Commerce, held this day, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:—
Resolved, That this Chamber, organized for the promotion of the interests of Trade and Commerce, should at all times express a just appreciation of individual efforts made for the dissemination of knowledge relating to subjects of commercial utility.

Resolved, That the "*Merchants' Magazine*," edited by FREEMAN HUNT, Esq., is a journal peculiarly adapted to the wants of the mercantile community; that while the Chamber takes great pleasure in recommending the work named to the notice of those connected with the mercantile profession, it cannot but express its high estimation of the valuable services of Mr. Hunt in bringing his journal to its present state of usefulness.

Extracts from the minutes.

Attest:

JAMES G. KING, President.

PROFESSOR M. WETMORE, Secretary.

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NEW AND ORIGINAL AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

Putnam's Monthly.

The subscribers, in accordance with the desire of eminent and judicious men in various sections of the country, have decided to commence on

THE FIRST OF JANUARY, 1853,

AN ENTIRELY ORIGINAL WORK, UNDER THE ABOVE TITLE.

The following among others have expressed their hearty approval of the plan, and will all give it their hearty co-operation, viz:—

Washington Irving,
W. H. Prescott,
R. H. Dana,

Edward Everett,
N. P. Willis,
J. K. Paulding,

Hon. Lewis Cass,
George Ticknor,
Hon. John P. Kennedy.

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NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

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"The new magazine certainly justifies the warmest anticipations of the friends of the enterprise. The introductory chapter is very graceful and clever. It is easy to believe that the services of some of our most distinguished authors are enlisted in this enterprise."—*Journal of Commerce*.

"It is published in beautiful style, and if as much care and judgment are expended upon the future numbers, it will unquestionably attain to an immense circulation. All tastes will find something to gratify them in this excellent number."—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

"We consider it worthy of especial attention."—*Toronto Colonist*.

"It will be welcomed by all who desire to see an original magazine, containing articles from our best American writers, sustained. It is commenced in the right spirit; it has the approval and encouragement, and will receive the aid of our best writers: it has capital, and business talent, and experience to sustain it; and it will undoubtedly find a wide circulation. The number before us contains a variety of papers, some of them of great excellence."—*Norfolk Journal*.

"The moment our eye glanced at the page of this beautiful magazine, we exclaimed, 'The American Blackwood!' and the further perusal of its contents did not belie the exclamation. It has matter of the highest style, as well as of the most attractive variety."—*Christian Inquirer*.

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"Its first bound places it among the excellent. The publishers also have exhibited a nice and discriminating taste in getting it up. Its mechanical appearance is as near perfect as one could desire. But above all, it is afforded at an extremely low price, when we consider the great expense which has been, and will continue to be, incurred in its publication."—*Syracuse Journal*.

"A somewhat critical examination of its contents, warrants us in asserting that its merits are such as will ere long command for it a wide and patronizing appreciation. We congratulate the reading public on its appearance."—*Merchants' Ledger*.

"We welcome its advent with pleasurable hopes, trusting that its publication is to herald a new and important era in the history of American literature. We hope that Americans will be so far true to themselves as to extend to this undertaking the favor it needs at their hands."—*Boston Atlas*.

"If a production of actual merit and of great promise spring from native soil, the head must be weak, the heart cold, which can regard it with indifference. It is an entirely original American serial of high aim, and as such merits the candid, not to say favorable consideration of all who are interested in the literature of our country."—*Courier and Enquirer*.

"This magazine is calculated to make an impression, and have a great run."—*Hartford Courant*.

"We recommend our readers to buy it—for it contains much interesting reading. If the present number be a specimen of what is to come hereafter, the American reader may congratulate himself upon possessing a periodical but little if any inferior to the foremost British Review."—*Savannah Republican*.

"The long talked of, and expected, periodical has made its appearance. It promises to be an improvement upon anything heretofore issued from the American Press, in the form of a monthly literary publication, in this country. It is intended to be entirely original. Its contents will be various, ranging from the light tale to the grave disquisition, partaking of the character of Blackwood, and the Westminster Review."—*Troy Post*.

"It seems to be modelled—so far as it can be said to imitate at all—after Blackwood. It is nearly the size of that magazine; its imprint and typographical arrangements are very similar to it; and, like it, the contributors appear in mask. It is evident the publishers have great confidence in its intrinsic merits, for they seem carefully to eschew the adventitious aid of illustrations and ornament, which are so greatly in vogue with the generality of our magazine proprietors. We are glad of this. If the literary character of the work is really good, it needs no such contrivances to set it off; and if it be indifferent, it ought not to be sustained at all."—*Mobile Advertiser*.

TERMS.

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This work will be published simultaneously by

G. P. PUTNAM & CO., 10 Park Place, New York, and
SAMPSON LOW, SON & Co., 47 Ludgate Hill, London.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1853.

LITERATURE.

BANCROFT'S AMERICAN REVOLUTION.*

THE sub-title of Mr. Bancroft's second volume on the American Revolution is "How England estranged America." It is descriptive of its contents, the volume being almost entirely devoted to the history of the Stamp Act.

Before, however, entering upon this, Mr. Bancroft, in four introductory chapters, gives us a view of the state of the continent and of Great Britain at the commencement of the period of which he is to discourse. It is a characteristic of his work that he has brought the history of America more prominently upon the general stage of Modern History than has ever heretofore been attempted. In his view the great act of American Independence was not done in a corner, nor on a remote and isolated stage. The contest was not one merely of conquest and change of dominion but of principle, which came home to the vital interests of each nation, to the head and heart of each subject, gentle and simple.

It is the purport of these introductory chapters to show the condition of liberal sentiments in Europe, how far in each nation thought was astir and intellect at work. He finds in each some slight glimmerings of the dawn, a movement of the pulse which was afterwards to throb in sympathy with America. We quote Mr. Bancroft's remarks on Holland, the first and brightest example in Europe of the power of honesty and thrift, bravery and perseverance, the first to set an example of toleration and union.

HOLLAND.

"The United Provinces of the Netherlands, the forerunner of nations in religious tolerance, were, from the origin of their confederacy, the natural friends of intellectual freedom. Here thought ranged through the wide domain of speculative reason. Here the literary fugitive found an asylum, and the boldest writings, which in other countries circulated by stealth, were openly published to the world. But in their European relations, the Netherlands were no longer a great maritime power. They had opulent free ports in the West Indies, colonies in South America, Southern Africa, and the East Indies, with the best harbor in the Indian Ocean: their paths, as of old, were on the deep, and their footsteps in many waters. They knew they could be opulent only through commerce, and their system of mercantile policy was liberal beyond that of every nation in Europe. Even their colonial ports were less closely shut against the traffic with other countries. This freedom bore its fruits; they became wealthy beyond compare, reduced their debt, and were able so to improve their finances, that their funds, bearing only two per cent. interest, rose considerably above par. Ever the champions of the freedom of the seas, at the time of their greatest naval power, they had in their treaty of 1674 with England embodied the safety of neutrals in time of war, limiting contraband articles of trade, and making goods on shipboard as safe as the ships that bore them. But the accession of the Stadtholder, William of Orange to the throne of England, was fatal to the political weight of the Netherlands. From the rival of England they became her ally, and almost her subordinate; and, guided by her policy, they exhausted their means in land forces and barriers

against France, leaving their navy to decline, and their fleets to disappear from the ocean. Hence arose the factions by which their counsels were distracted and their strength paralysed. The friends of the Stadtholder, who in 1763 was a boy of fifteen, sided with England, desired the increase of the army, were averse to expenditures for the navy, and forfeiting the popular favor which they once enjoyed, inclined more and more towards monarchical interests. The Patriots saw in their weakness at sea a state of dependence on Great Britain; they cherished a deep sense of the wrongs unatoned for and unavenged, which England, in the pride of strength, and unmindful of treaties, had in the last war inflicted on their carrying-trade and their flag; they grew less jealous of France; they opposed the increase of the army—longed to restore the maritime greatness of their country; and including much of the old aristocratic party among the merchants, they were fervid lovers of their country and almost republicans."

In the chapter on France we have a review of her statesmen and authors then influencing the public mind.

Crossing the channel, we have a concise, yet vivid picture of the mother country, as yet the head of the family, in peace with and revered by her numerous and wide-spread offspring. We shall take but one passage from this chapter, that relating to the rural life which forms the joy and poesy of her national life, and which, though often and lovingly dwelt upon by the masters of the English tongue on both sides of the Atlantic, has rarely been more felicitously touched than in the following:

"But if aristocracy was not excluded from towns, still more did it pervade the rural life of England. The climate not only enjoyed the softer atmosphere that belongs to the western side of masses of land, but was further modified by the proximity of every part of it to the sea. It knew neither long continuing heat nor cold; and was more friendly to daily employment throughout the whole year, within doors or without, than any in Europe. The island was "a little world" of its own; with a "happy breed of men" for its inhabitants, in whom the hardihood of the Norman was intermixed with the gentler qualities of the Celt and Saxon, just as nails are rubbed into steel to temper and harden the Damascus blade. They loved country life, of which the mildness of the climate increased the attractions; since every grass and flower and tree that had its home between the north and the neighborhood of the tropics would live abroad, and such only excepted as needed a hot sun to unfold their bloom, or concentrate their aroma, or ripen their fruit, would thrive in perfection; so that no region could show such a varied wood. The moisture of the sky favored a soil not naturally very rich; and so fructified the earth, that it was clad in perpetual verdure. Nature had its attractions even in winter. The ancient trees were stripped indeed of their foliage; but showed more clearly their fine proportions, and the undisturbed nests of the noisy rooks among their boughs; the air was so mild that the flocks and herds still grazed on the freshly springing herbage; and the deer found shelter enough by crouching amongst the fern; the smoothly shaven grassy walk was soft and yielding under the foot; nor was there a month in the year in which the plough was idle. The large landed proprietors dwelt often in houses which had descended to them from the times when England was gemmed all over with the most delicate and most solid structures of Gothic art. The very lanes were memorials of early days, and ran as they had been laid out before the conquest; and in mills for grinding corn, water-wheels revolved at their work just where they had been doing so for at least eight hun-

dred years. Hospitality also had its traditions; and for untold centuries Christmas had been the most joyous of the seasons."

Ireland forms a strong link in Mr. Bancroft's chain of causes and events joining the old world to the new. He runs rapidly over the history of her conquest, showing the grievances endured by her non-conforming population, grievances of taxation and exclusion weighing alike on the Romanists of the south and the Presbyterians of the north, and leading to a large emigration of the latter class, principally to North Carolina, to frame, a few years later, the energetic resolutions of Mecklenburg.

We now pass from the extended survey of the nation to the study of her national councils. We are henceforth for a considerable portion of the volume, close attendants at the Council board and the floor of the House of Commons, scanning now the characters of statesmen, limned for us in brief and pointed lines, as they rise and fall in the royal confidence, or listening to the ardent speeches of Barré and Pitt. The scene, of course, frequently changes to America. We see the momentary check to the influx of emigration, consequent on the cession of the Ohio and the Lakes given by the bloody struggle of Pontiac. We almost stand on the corners of the streets as the news which comes slowly over, arrives, of the impending Stamp Act, and hear the resolute murmurs of Otis and Samuel Adams, read the editorials of the stout-hearted little newspapers, and watch the spirit of resistance as it springs up in provincial legislatures, alike on the soil of the pine and the palmetto, finding everywhere the fire tempered by prudence, the Bucephalus curbed by the Alexander, which from the beginning to the end characterized our great, heroic revolution.

As the news arrives of the passage of the hated law, the old stories of the funeral of liberty and the holocaust of boots (our ancestors were better patriots than punsters), and straw-stuffed effigies, familiar from our childhood, take new life from the spirited narrative. We follow each bale of stamped paper from the ships to the custody of the citizens, the strong lines of the fort, or the strong locks and durance vile of the jail, and catch up the cry of resistance which rings through the land, as the sharp and pointed phrase falls from the lips of the orator, each brief and sharp-tempered as if the brain from which they issued had been an armory.

The reception of Col. Barré's speech in the land he so eloquently defended is thus presented:

"As Barré spoke, there sat in the gallery Ingersoll, of Connecticut, a semi royalist, yet joint agent for Connecticut. Delighted with the speech, he made a report of it, which the next packet carried across the Atlantic. The lazy posts of that day brought it in nearly three months to New London, in Connecticut, and it was printed in the newspapers of that village. May had not shed its blossoms, before the words of Barré were as household words in every New England town. Midsummer saw it distributed through Canada, in French; and the continent rung from end to end with the cheering name of the SONS OF LIBERTY. But at St. Stephen's, the members only observed that Townshend had received a heavy blow, and the rest of the debate seemed languid."

As in the previous volume he delights in the concentration of a number of little incidents, trivial perhaps in isolation, into one

* History of the United States, from the Discovery of the American Continent. By George Bancroft. Vol. V. Little, Brown & Co.

solid and convincing sentence, and in indefatigable zeal in passing from colony to colony to give the fair meed of praise to each for being early up and doing in the great struggle. It is a worthy endeavor not only for the proper elucidation of the past, but for the promotion of peace and harmony in the present. The heading of the chapter "South Carolina founds the American Union," ought to put the most testy secession-man in her borders into at least temporary good humor with the powers that be.

We return to England to witness the effect of the resolute stand of America in the repeal of the Stamp Act, and we must here quote the description of the attendance of Pitt, wrapped in his blankets, at the House of Commons to give his vote:

"Early the next day, every seat in the House of Commons had been taken; between four and five hundred members attended. Pitt was ill, but his zeal was above disease. 'I must get up to the house as I can,' said he; 'when in my place, I feel I am tolerably able to remain through the debate, and cry aye to the repeal with no sickly voice;' and he hobbled into the house on crutches, swathed in flannels; huzzaed as he passed through the lobby, by almost all the persons there."

"The lobbies were crammed with upwards of three hundred men, representing the trading interests of the nation, trembling and anxious, and waiting almost till the winter morning's return of light, to learn their fate from the resolution of the house. Presently it was announced that two hundred and seventy-five had voted for the repeal of the act, against one hundred and sixty-seven for softening and enforcing it. The roof of St. Stephens rung with the loud shouts and long cheering of the victorious majority."

"When the doors were thrown open, and Conway went forth, there was an involuntary burst of gratitude from the grave multitude which beset the avenues; they stopped him; they gathered round him as children round a parent, as captives round a deliverer. The pure-minded man enjoyed the triumph, and while they thanked him, Edmund Burke, who stood near him, declares that 'his face was as if it had been the face of an angel.' As Grenville moved along, swelling with rage and mortification, they pressed on him with hisses. But when Pitt appeared, the whole crowd reverently pulled off their hats; and the applauding joy uttered around him, touched him with tender and lively delight. Many followed his chair home with benedictions."

"He felt no illness after his immense fatigue. It seemed as if what he saw and what he heard, the gratitude of a rescued people, and the gladness of thousands, now become his own, had restored him to health. But his heartfelt and solid delight was not perfect till he found himself in his own house, with the wife whom he loved, and the children for whom his fondness knew no restraint or bounds, and who all partook of the overflowing pride of their mother. This was the first great political lesson received by his second son, then not quite seven years old, the eager and impetuous William, who, flushed with patriotic feeling, rejoiced that he was not the eldest-born, but could serve his country in the House of Commons, like his father."

The last chapter is devoted to the reception of the welcome news in Boston, and the animated account of the rejoicings which followed.

THACKERAY IN AMERICA—HIS BOOKS, LECTURES, AND THE MAN.

As we were about sitting down to take up pen for an article on this pleasant literary topic—for such it is, in itself and with its manifold suggestions and associations—the city post brought us a communication, which we may as well give a hearing to at once. It treats of the punchy sort of atmosphere generated in the Broadway chapel (!) by the Pantagruelian lectures.

What do you think of Thackeray?

"Thackeray has run his course a second time. What do we the people think of him? How would you like to live with him, as he says? Don't you think he is a famous fellow, with that huge soul of his in that dragon body?"

"Don't you admire his taste. Don't you see it in the 'culinary of the juveniles' from his evident favorite 'The Dean,' whom he so lovingly abuses. Don't you perceive it in those amorous outbreathings of those other great men. Don't you! How easy, and familiar, and jocose we become in Mr. T.'s company with Dick Steele—stately Jo Addison—Mat Prior (an honest fellow was Mat), and Gay—delightful Gay—not an enemy in the world. At what an awful pace, too, he 'comes in'—men bursting their waistcoats with fat and fun, and being 'men of letters.' Then how they drink, and smoke, and become intellectual giants. It seems easy to be a great man in such good company. Right glad were we to find that intellectual giants do really smoke—we will not say drink—for that is not the fashion just now; but it does seem so pleasant in Mr. Thackeray's company to smoke and drink and become foolish and famous, and have our genius burst out like our waistcoats."

"Little Mr. Pope, too, stiff in buckram. We think we see him wanting big Master Colly Cibber to square off at him. Then little Mr. Pope is into him and everyone else. How his Genius blazes! How it settles Master Colly. Still little Mr. Pope is a man, and that dear, good mother of his is a woman. We really thank Mr. Thackeray for the entertainment. Especially do we thank him for the picture of those tremendous fellows of Queen Anne's time. Those 'ancient fast men, with two bottles under their waistcoats.' However, we must acknowledge to a shade of melancholy when we revert to an established fact, that a modern 'literary giant' can be laid low with one bottle, which shows a sad degeneracy. Goldsmith and Fielding we think received justice from Mr. T. Some will not think so of all his characters. Still we have had our recollections agreeably revived in some instances, and if we think the whole thing could have been done as well by some 'little literary giants' among us, we doubt not the mass of those attendant on the lectures would have been of a different opinion."

"Upon the whole the result of these lectures shows, that 'our profession' is looking up, and will have more to thank Mr. Thackeray for, than our profession had to thank Mr. Pope for."

Thackeray has had a fine time of it this holiday season, a warm welcome, the full compliments of the season, and moreover a generous Christmas box. He has put in his thumb and pulled out a plumb, reminding us of little Jack Horner eating his Christmas

pie. Somehow or other, the fashionables found out that Thackeray was a notability, a distinguished man of genius, and that it was unquestionably "the thing" to do him honor. Our millionaires, our beaux and belles, safe in the precedent of Thackeray's London success, where the attendance upon his lectures, headed by the Duchess of Sutherland and duly recorded in the court journals, was as aristocratic as a levee at St. James's, our fine folks then, following other fine folks, had no scruples, nice people that they are, but simpered without reserve a welcome, and threw wide open the folding doors of Fifth Avenue to give the author of *Vanity Fair* the *entrée*.

Rich papas, pushing mamas, pretty daughters, and fast brother Toms have in spite of themselves and their tastes, their counting-houses, their tea-tables, their polkas, and billiard-rooms, crowded the Broadway conventicle night after night, to hear Thackeray talk about wits and poets! They went to "wonder," dear souls, "with a foolish face of praise." The audience was doubtless one tenth appreciation and nine tenths fashion, leaving however, a very handsome balance in Thackeray's favor at his banker's.

Nor was this all; the distinguished author had the honor of being whistled into every third brown stone mansion in New York, by the immortal Brown, to the enjoyment of crowds of pretty girls, endless flocks of canvass backs, no end of oyster monstrosities, and floods of champagne. Thackeray, too, like a veteran man of the world, as he is, was always on the alert, fully equipped in white cravat and varnished boots, ready for a foray upon New York hospitality, either by night or day. He was equally at home whether thrusting his fork into the plump breast of a duck or his love-darts into the tender bosom of a beauty. And he seemed to enjoy it too, with his full, juicy, joyous rotundity of face all a-glow, warm with feeling and good nature; and the wonder is, how time or sorrow could ever deposit its snows anywhere in the latitude of that genial brain, that fervid mouth, those liquid eyes, and that glowing complexion. The gentleman who dozes in the editor's easy chair of Harper's Magazine never saw with his eyes open, in Thackeray—"a man—with cropped greyish hair, and keenish grey eyes, peering very sharply through a pair of spectacles that have a very satiric force." This *cropped-hair* puritanical Barebones of a fellow is not Thackeray at all; he on the contrary is quite of the Cavalier sort, with flowing hair and blue eyes brim-full of sensibility. "He seems to stand strongly on his own feet, as if he would not be easily blown about or upset—either by praise or pugilists." So dreams sleepyhead in the easy chair. Quite the contrary, Thackeray's strength is not in his legs, which have the uneasy, and something of the distrustful look and shambling gait of an overgrown school boy; though he might stand up manfully against a puff of praise, the mere shake of the finger of the "Tut-bury pet" would upset him. And there is, in spite of the man-of-the-world air about him, something withal, of the gentle scholar, and certainly not one of the hard lines, sharp features, and nothing of the trim puritanical cut of the fancy portrait of Harper.

No doubt Thackeray went away well contented with New York, buttoning his pockets upon his cool half-dozen thousands, comforting himself in a full waistcoat, ripely mellowed with New York cheer, and inwardly

chuckling with the reflection of our Christmas friend, little Jack Horner, "what a big boy am I." He was received here with a warm welcome, and was parted with, with regret, and he knows that there are still as warm welcomes in store for him whenever he may return.

We handed him over to the hospitality of our Eastern friends, and here is his welcome in Boston; it is recorded in the Boston Transcript:

"Mr. THACKERAY.—To-night Mr. Thackeray gives his second lecture at the Melodeon—subject, Congreve and Addison. There seems to be a considerable diversity of opinion as to the merits of Mr. T. as a lecturer, and this very variance will probably operate in his favor. As far as we can gather the verdict of the best judges, Mr. T. is hardly considered as coming up to the mark, which such lecturers as George S. Hillard, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Doctor Holmes, Wendell Phillips, Edwin P. Whipple, Rufus Choate, and some others whom we could name, have made for themselves in the public estimation. The disproportion between the prices, which these gentlemen receive for lecturing and that which Mr. Thackeray commands, is simply absurd; and shows how strong is the Yankee propensity to hail anything foreign, as *de necessitate rei*, superior to any home production.

"A man's best things are nearest him,
Lie close about his feet;
It is the distant and the dim,
That we are sick to greet."

They are counting the cost, the shrewd Yankees! and recommending the home manufacture, the cheap New England fabrics, the fustian and linsey-woolsey of Boston, and crying out for protection to Hillard, Wendell Phillips, Choate, and home-made stuffs! They are hardly equal yet in the provinces to the enjoyment of a foreign luxury, they have not come up to our metropolitan appreciation of a choice thing, rare and costly. Let the Bostonians open their pockets and their hearts, and try to enjoy Thackeray. They will have no occasion to regret the expense. There is utility in it; think of the improvement in the home article by competition, and recollect that parsimony is not always the best economy.

Is it possible that in those celestial minds there should be the faintest possible suspicion of local jealousy? New York gives the imprimatur, will not Boston enjoy the book?

Granted the "disproportion of prices." There have been admirable lectures delivered in this city, the present season, for one shilling; Thackeray received six; was too much paid in the one case or too little in the other? certainly not the former. What are the hundreds of the most popular lecturer to the thousands of a popular dancer? But suppose the price to be inordinate, what is the secret of the matter? The public will pay for its entertainment, and the pay is sometimes part of the enjoyment. Dr. Holmes is undoubtedly a lecturer of the first brand, no one's champagne is of a finer quality or better iced; Ralph Emerson is a Yankee Apollo, and Choate's eloquence will consume the North River—but does the presence of these gentlemen behind a pair of candles on a platform communicate exactly that kind of pleasure which the distinguished author of *Pendennis*, six feet two in his stockings, Michael Angelo Titmarsh, Chawls Yellowplush, James de la Pluche, "three single gentlemen rolled into one," excites in the sensorium of a popular audience? If not, why pay Messrs. Choate, Emerson & Co., the price of lionization?

We do not think, that Thackeray's lectures are indispensable. Readers might, without them, console themselves with Lamb, Hazlitt, and Jeffrey in his best moods, and there is the promise in the future of the lectures themselves in a book to be read in ease at our firesides; and as for the fashionables, there are Sontag and Alboni in opera in *presenti*, and Lumley and his girls in *futuro*, for them. But we could not all have Thackeray's feet under our mahogany, nor dispense to a great man limitless supplies of canvas back and Burgundy, nor enjoy, face to face, in our own drawing room, the company of one whom we have learned to admire. We all wanted to see the great author and hear him talk, so we did not grudge our half dollar for an hour's enjoyment of his good company every other night or so for a few weeks' time. Thackeray is welcome to all he may get and more. Do we not owe him a debt for our gratuitous enjoyment of the good company he has presented to us, the old fellows at the club, the fast young ones about town, the Major Pendennises and the Fokers? Can we ever pay him for the lively chats with worldly Becky Sharp, and the affectionate friendship of the much loved Helen?

The New York Baptist *Recorder*, moralizes and sermonizes, *apropos* to the subject of Thackeray's lectures, as it is bound in duty to do, we suppose, in its regular vocation. It is a fact we cannot deny, that Fielding and Smollett are, as authors, vital; their genius having breathed into them the breath of immortality, has settled that beyond dispute. Is Thackeray to ignore them? Is he to tell the truth about them or not? He did tell the truth. He confessed to the "*liquorish tooth*" of Tom Jones. Because, however, that gentleman, who is as undeniable a fact as human nature itself, lapses occasionally into vice, are we not to approve of and be strengthened by his virtues, his manly hatred of cant, hypocrisy and infidelity? And there are honest parson Adams, pure souled Amelia, and virtuous Joseph Andrews, are we to deprive ourselves of such exemplars, because forsooth, Fielding, true to weak human nature, has set them off with a contrast of vice. As for Humphrey Clinker, we commend to the *Recorder*, the kindly, human sentiment in which Miss Tabitha found consolation, when she spied out the nakedness of her postilion.

As for the "cheap editions of Smollett's and Fielding's novels, that have been reprinted in this city and for which the *Recorder* is told that Mr. Thackeray's lectures have created an enormous sale," these, we would inform the anxious moralist are old stereotype editions, which have been in the market a long time.

"If Fielding is commended under such circumstances," says the Baptist *Recorder*, "he will be read." So he will under any circumstances, and we do not fear for the consequences, for we honestly believe they will be moral. We believe Paul de Kock to be a much slandered man, "give a dog a bad name," &c., but as for Eugene Sue, we hand him over, without a recommendation to mercy, to be dealt with according to the law of the strictest of the sect of the *Recorder*. The *Recorder* says that there is nothing in the works of Paul de Kock and Eugene Sue that can compare for unmitigated filth and grossness with some of these novels (meaning, doubtless, those of Fielding and Smollett), which have been made the subject of critical commendation in Thackeray's course

of lectures. Even if it were so, which we deny, if we had occasion to speak of them or of Eugene Sue, would it be honest or right to shut our eyes wilfully to any good that might be found in them, in other words, to commit a pious fraud in order to condemn totally, whatever might be the motive. But in Fielding and Smollett there is more virtue than vice, and quite the reverse in Eugene Sue. The tendency of the latter is to sensuality, that of the former, to manly self-restraint.

Thackeray was serious enough and sad enough in speaking of them on occasion. Did he spare the men, of whom, rather than of their writings, he was talking?

There are parts, certainly, in these novels, that we would not like to read aloud, to a sister, a daughter or a son. So much we will acknowledge in answer to the question of the *Recorder*, but we have no doubt as good and orthodox men, as he is, have not hesitated in a past age to do so. This is moreover, no test of the morality of a book. There are many things proper to be read and known, that are not proper to talk, or read aloud about, in a promiscuous gathering of old and young, men and women.

We have something to say on Thackeray and his books, which we must adjourn to another week.

MR. SHELTON'S RECTOR OF ST. BARDOLPH'S.*

St. Bardolph's is an ancient country church, in pleasant Westchester county, and its rector is a worthy clergyman who begins and ends his career therein. The time of the narrative is conveniently set back some sixty years to avoid charges of personality and partisanship, but it is still applicable to and evidently based on the parochial practices of the present day. Though its hero is a parson, the story is not what is technically called "a religious novel." It is far, however, from being an irreligious one. Mr. Shelton while giving his satire full play with the oddities of human nature, the humors of the *cl.oir*, the scandal of the tea-tables, the eccentricities of parsons, the petty annoyances to which the rector is subjected from carping parishioners, the potency of crack sermons, knows how to treat sacred things with becoming respect. He does not drink healths out of the church chalice.

The work is, as we have said, simply the career of a country clergyman—making no pretensions to an elaborate plot or the dignity of a didactic work—but it is not on this account to be neglected by the reader for amusement, who will find an ample supply of that desirable commodity in Mr. Shelton's humorous incidents and dry mode of narrating them, and get some good lessons in church matters in the bargain, while on the other hand the young divinity student will gain some hints not to be despised for the practical guidance of his future career from its pleasant pages.

The following sketch will convey a good idea of the agreeable style of the volume:—

"The old sexton, as he arranged his surplice, shook his head, and remarked with sorrow his sunken cheeks and hacking cough. He would say, with his hand upon the knob, as he reluctantly opened the vestry door, 'your Reverence is too ill to preach to-day,'—and as he glided in like a ghost, he said to himself, 'he will not long be here. He is going the way of all living. The poor will miss him sadly when he is gone.'"

* The Rector of St. Bardolph's; or, *Superannuated*. By F. W. Shelton, A. M. Charles Scribner.

And he would go up, sit upon his chair by the bell rope, and sigh. The sexton was distinguished by a precise and formal attention to the duties of his place, which he had held for forty years. How gingerly would he glide through the aisle in softest shippers!—how delicately would he creep up on tip-toe, and whisper a message in the Rector's ear! With what official importance would he recite the physician from his pew when there was urgent need! With what sacred tutelage would he bear the basket which contained the communion service on his arm, and as he put it down, first peep reverently under the snow-white napkin, then lift it slowly from the polished cup and paten! With what a succession of politest bows would he guide the stranger to a pew! How kindly would he up and remonstrate with the woman with the crying child, and if it kept on talking aloud take it from her arms as it struggled violently and kicked his stomach, crying all the while, 'I'll be good, I'll be good!' How carefully was his eye fixed upon the crazy vagabond who would sometimes stray in! How would he sit in the belfry with his corpulent silver watch in his palm, until the minute hand reached the half hour dot, and then seize the rope coiled at his feet, and placing his foot thereon, cause the bell to send forth the requisite number of vibrations on the air! How solemnly did he make it toll! When service was over, how scrupulously would he collect the contributions from the plate, place the books aright, close the pews, lock and double-lock the church, and as he went out of the gate, turn round to take a look to see that the steeple was firm! While he held office, the seats were well-dusted, the tablets free from cobwebs, and the mats which lay in the portico well beaten out. When at the funeral he three times severally sprinkled the earth upon the coffin, to the touching words, 'Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust,' he shook his solemn head, and was a standing essay on mortality. There was great weight in his words to the offending urchin who too thoughtlessly sported around graves. 'Young man! remember that you must at some day come to this!'—Oh! how many and how many did he commit most decently to the dust before he was gathered to the narrow house appointed for all living. If any man had earned for himself a respectful burial, a long train of mourners, a not too hasty committal and putting away from human sight, he was the man. But he was not so well buried at last as he buried others. The duty was committed to a raw hand, who rudely raked the earth upon his grave, and few attended his burial, and no stone marks the spot where he lies. The sexton was one of those very few who are found just in sufficient numbers to fulfil the wants of every community, and to him could be entrusted with all confidence the sacred necessary office of laying out the dead. For he would dispose their limbs as gently and as tenderly as those of a sleeping child, and draw upon them the funeral ceremonies like the curtains of a couch; and when the task was done, he would stoop low, and gazing silently for a moment on the rigid features of some well-known face, go his way in lowly sorrow, and with a sigh. Oh, good Mr. Fennell! the sexton has degenerated sadly of late, because it is to be feared that reverence is on the wane. It is an old-school virtue, an obsolete quality, put aside by the rushing hurry of the age. The course of life is so precipitate that there is no time for the slow and somewhat elaborate formality which decency requires. Let the dead bury their dead!

"I know not why I have made so little mention of the sexton until now, unless it naturally occurs that I have reached a period in the narrative suggesting that his services might be required. He was one of the best friends whom the Rector had, and there was an unmistakable sincerity and sorrow in his look when he said, 'Your Reverence is too ill to preach to-day.' He said 'Your Reverence,' because he was from the old country, and did not belong to the race

of sextons who impertinently remark to the rectors that they are hired by the vestry, and who go about their business as a servant would brush out a parlor, or an hostler a stable."

MEMOIRS OF A HUGUENOT FAMILY.*

THE Rev. James Fontaine, whose autobiography forms the first portion of the volume before us, was born in 1658. He was of an ancient family, whose members had embraced Protestantism on its first introduction into France, about 1535. The race seems to have been as comely in feature as respectable in character. Mr. Fontaine relates the following story of his grandfather:—

"He married and had several children, but only three who lived to be marriageable, two daughters and one son. The latter was my father, and was born in the year 1603, long after the others. He married again, but happily had no addition to his family. It would have been much better for him to have remained a widower, for his last wife was a wicked woman who became tired of him, and tried to poison him, and though she did not succeed, for medical aid was promptly obtained, yet the offence became too notorious to be hushed up, and she was taken to prison, tried, and condemned to death. It so happened that Henry IV. was then at Rochelle, and application was made to him for a pardon. He replied, that before making an answer, he should like to see the husband she was so anxious to get rid of, to judge for himself whether there was any excuse for her. When my grandfather appeared before him, he called out, 'Let her be hanged! Let her be hanged! Ventre Saint Gris! He is the handsomest man in my kingdom.'"

The father of Mr. Fontaine was a Protestant clergyman. He died in 1665. The son passed his early years in the care of one or another of his relatives, and entered early on the career of a Protestant preacher. It was in the time of the terrible persecution of the Dragonades. The preacher soon fell into the hands of the civil authorities, but owing to his prudence and the standing of his family escaped any severe punishment. After moving from place to place in France, and undergoing many privations, he finally escaped to England. The story of his running the gauntlet across the channel is an interesting one:—

"We had agreed with the English captain that when we saw him, we should make ourselves known by hoisting a sail and letting it fall three times. About three o'clock in the afternoon we first espied the vessel, but she had the official visitors and pilot still on board. We watched her movements with intense anxiety, and we saw her cast anchor when she reached the extreme point of the Isle of Oleron, then she put out the visitors and pilot, took her boat on board again, got under way and sailed towards us. It was a joyful sight; we felt confident that we had surmounted every difficulty, and we expected in a very few minutes to be under full sail for England. Our joy was of short duration, for at that moment one of the King's frigates hove in sight and gradually approached us. She was one of the vessels constantly employed on the coast to prevent Protestants leaving the kingdom; and all who were found were seized, and the men sent to the galleys, the women to convents. No language can describe our consternation at this sudden change in our prospects; a moment before the cup of happiness was at our lips and now dashed to the ground.

* *Memoirs of a Huguenot Family*. Translated and compiled from the original Autobiography of the Rev. James Fontaine and other Family Manuscripts, by Ann Maury. G. P. Putnam & Co.

"We were at the distance of a cannon-shot from the frigate, and what would she think of us? We were in a little bit of a boat, at anchor, in a place which did not afford safe anchorage even for large shipping. She cast anchor, ordered the English vessel to do the like, boarded her, and searched every nook and corner, without finding any French Protestants on board except Mr. Mausy, the minister, whose departure was authorized by law, and his family, who were with him, and had passports. What a blessing that we were not on board at this time! Had the frigate been only one hour later in appearing, we should all have been lost. After the search, the Englishman was ordered to sail instantly. The wind was favorable, so he could make no excuse, and we had the misery of seeing him leave us behind. He could not even see us, for the frigate was between him and our boat.

"Our situation was deplorable, we were in a state of perfect despair and knew not what to do, for danger stared us in the face alike in every direction. If we remained where we were, we should certainly excite suspicion, and the frigate would send to overhaul us. If we attempted to return to Tremblade, the chances were a hundred to one against our succeeding. To add to our dismay, our poor boatman seemed incapable of exertion, he did nothing but cry and lament over his infatuation, that he should have allowed himself to be persuaded to take us on board. He and his son, who was also with us, had been Protestants, and they had abjured under compulsion. He knew well that nothing short of a halter awaited them, if caught in the act of aiding Protestants to make their escape.

"I may truly say, that prayer has been my resource in all difficulties through the whole course of my life. I betook myself to it on this occasion, and I felt a strong persuasion that God would not suffer us to fall into the hands of his enemies and ours, but open a way for our escape.

"All at once I thought of a feint which, thank God, proved successful, and effected our deliverance. Having considered that the wind was fair to Rochelle and contrary to Tremblade, I said to the boatman, 'Cover us all up, in the bottom of the boat, with an old sail, then hoist your sail and go right towards the frigate, pretending to endeavor to gain Tremblade; and if they should hail you from the frigate, you must say, you are from Rochelle, and going to Tremblade. If they ask what you have on board, say nothing but ballast; and it would be well for you and your son to counterfeit drunkenness, tumbling about in the boat, and then you can, as if by accident, let the sail fall three times, and so inform the English captain who we are.'

"He determined to abide by my counsel, and he immediately covered us all up with a sail, and actually went within pistol-shot of the frigate. As I had expected, she hailed him, asked whence he came, whither he was going, and what he had on board.

"To all which he replied as I had instructed him.

"'But what made you cast anchor?' said they. 'I was in hopes,' he said, 'that the wind would change, and I might make Tremblade, but it is still too strong for me.'

"At that moment the son fell down in the boat and dropped the sail, his father left the helm, and, instead of hoisting the sail at once, took a rope's-end and pretended to chastise him, the hard blows falling on the wood and making a great noise. The son cried out lustily, and the people in the frigate threatened that if the father had not more patience with his son, they would be with him directly, and treat him in the same way. He made excuses for himself by saying, that his son was as drunk as a hog. He then ordered him to hoist the sail again, and he resumed his station at the helm. The son let it fall a second time, almost as soon as he had raised it, and repeated the same manoeuvre a

third time, and thus we managed to give the English captain information of who we were, without exciting the suspicions of the officers in the frigate. They were so fearful of some accident happening, that they called out to our boatman not to think of making Tremblade, for night was fast approaching, the wind contrary, and he would inevitably be lost. They advised him to return to Rochelle with the fair wind, which was exactly the advice we wished to receive from the frigate. Our course was instantly altered, the boat was put before the wind, and we bade them adieu very cordially in our hearts, but we still remained closely covered at the bottom of the boat.

"In the mean time, the English vessel had answered our signal, but she was getting fairly out to sea, and we dared not follow her for fear of the frigate, which still remained at anchor. About twilight the boatman said we must make the attempt while it was yet not quite dark, or we should be swallowed up by the waves. We had no sooner altered our course, than we observed the frigate take up her anchor and set her sails. We naturally thought that she had noticed us and was preparing to pursue us, and we again turned towards Rochelle, in great agony of mind. We should all have preferred instant death to capture, for we were aware of our own weakness and frailty; and we feared persecution might destroy our constancy. A few minutes put an end to our anxiety, for we saw the frigate steering towards Rochefort, and we again changed our course and made for the English vessel, which slackened her rate to allow us to overtake her. We went on board with the frigate still in sight. A blessed and ever-memorable day for us, who then effected our escape from our cruel enemies, who were not so much to be feared because they had power to kill the body, but the rather from the pains they took to destroy the souls of their victims."

Mr. Fontaine was a shrewd and enterprising, as well as a devout man. Finding wheat cheaper in England than in France, he managed by the aid of a partner to freight a small vessel for France. The enterprise was successful, but the failure of a second venture not only exhausted the profits of the first, but left the projector in debt. He then opened a retail store, and also made improvements in the hand-loom, continuing his ministerial functions at the same time with these secular avocations. He subsequently removed to Ireland, where the remainder of his days were passed. He had a large family by a lady who fled from France with him, and to whom he was married shortly after his arrival in England. Most of his sons emigrated to Virginia, and it was for their benefit and that of their children that Mr. Fontaine composed his memoirs.

The remainder of the volume is occupied with the journal of one of these sons, John Fontaine, kept during a journey in Virginia in 1715, in search of a location, and of letters by other members of the family, extending to the close of the century. An appendix contains translations of the Edict of Nantes, the Edict of Revocation, and other important documents bearing on the history of Protestantism in France.

LITERATURE, BOOKS OF THE WEEK, ETC.

"CHARLES HALE, late editor of 'To-day,' is to become associate editor of the Daily Advertiser, of which his father is the conductor, and his interesting weekly discontinued.

"We are sorry, though not surprised, that 'To-day' has become a thing of yesterday."

Evening Post.

There is something very affecting in the

mortality of these young periodicals. They seem to follow the human law of obituaries and expire very generally in infancy. But how coldly the veteran *Evening Post* chronicles the event. Like a stout gentleman of fifty, in middle life (a period of confidence and health which, it is said, may be indefinitely prolonged), and which happens to be the very age of the *Post*—talking of some of the more desperate risks of a life insurance. Poor ephemeral! "we are sorry, though not surprised, that 'To-day' has become a thing of yesterday."

"For the credit of Boston and of himself," says the farewell, "the editor desires that it may be understood that he does not relinquish 'To-day' because the establishment has proved a failure. On the contrary, the public have manifested a gratifying disposition to support it. Its success has been good, and the prospects of its future continuance bright."

To-day has been, upon the whole, an excellent paper, with many well-written articles, but it is exposing municipal and editorial character to too great a risk to admit their dependence upon the immediate success of the best conducted periodical. Boston, probably, has a great many things to attend to besides looking after the genius of its literary men, a class of people who, it is well known all the world over, must wait their turn. Let the man of genius himself think how many wants of his own have to be provided for by somebody before he puts his pen in motion. Take the preliminaries of the most simply endowed magazine-writer, up to the time of approaching his desk. He is in a house which has, first of all to be built, with an immense apparatus of carpentry, masonry, and architectural ingenuities, involving tributes from half the globe, the labors of the wood-cutter in remote New England forests, the lock manufacturers of Birmingham, the brick kilns of the Hudson, the marble quarries, perhaps, of Italy. Then the gentleman is to rise from a bed, the manufacture of which, in one way and another, has required the labor of perhaps a hundred persons, his bath of Croton has cost the city millions, his razor has taxed the ingenuity of Sheffield, the cotton of his shirt involves the labor of two hemispheres—with an immense consumption of talk and Uncle Tom over the negro question—his coat speaks stoutly of Australian wool and Leeds manipulation, his vest is from the silk-loom of Lyons, his boots a short time since were running wild in California or South America—and having thus exhausted the globe in his attire, he places in his pocket a watch which is dependent on the motions of the Universe. After all this prodigal labor and expenditure of many thousands, is Mr. Smith, author, ready to take up his pen? No! he must first breakfast. Consider what an apparatus of city and country life contributes to that little process. Now you have got John Smith to his inkstand and quire of paper—besides these physical wants supplied, to say nothing of his very writing materials—he must have whole systems of civilization behind him, education and what not to furnish him with ideas. The author is a most expensively got up individual. Now is it not obvious that from the very necessities of the case, his turn must come the last in the scale of social attentions?

Then if the public, after all this labor, is a little insensible to the merit of the author,

why should this affect his "credit." If "To-day" has done his duty he need not be ashamed of himself, though he go out of the world followed by the scantiest train of mourning subscribers.

The "Lecture system" we are told is flourishing again after a little depression of the article. Some years since everybody went to the lectures and anyone who could fill a copybook from an encyclopædia was sure of a gaping audience. It was a season of great commercial depression and the world rushed to the Tabernacle, on the principle we presume, of misery loving company. Now it is a season of great commercial exaltation and people do just the same thing, but we must look for a different principle. We could find it, we think, but have no disposition just now to lecture on lecturing. We chronicle the facts. Mr. Curtis, the Howadji in Syria, has sacrificed an hour of his poetical existence to lecture before the masses at the Tabernacle at a shilling a head. His topic was the Age of Steam, and it was treated in the most approved kaleidoscopic fashion. Park Benjamin has lectured on the Ridiculous, the Rev. Thomas Starr King on Socrates, John Keese on Authors, the Rev. Mr. Patton on "The Martyrs of Yesterday, the Heroes of To-Day," the Rev. Mr. Osgood on "Luck and Pluck" (a striking antithesis, resolutely handled), and we see announced "Show and Substance, or Facts and Forces." Do not these stretched titles and literary artifices threaten a decline in the market? Is there not a suspicion about them of a highly seasoned dish for a jaded palate?

The recently opened Panorama of the Holy Land, by Mr. Banvard, is an exhibition which from the subject and the artist will command a large share of public attention. The painting is from original drawings taken by Mr. Banvard during a tour in Palestine. The stage admits the display of a large portion of canvass at a time, and as the figures in the foreground are of the size of life, the painting is on a scale sufficient to give full effect to the display of details of architecture or scenery. Commencing at the sea shore we pass to the "hill country," see "the shepherds watch their flocks by night," as on the first Christmas Eve, pass Nazareth and Bethlehem, enter the Chapel of the Nativity, follow the course of the Jordan, look over the dull surface of the Dead Sea, make the circuit of the walls of Jerusalem and finally enter the Holy City, closing our easy and pleasant pilgrimage at the Shrine of the Holy Sepulchre. The effect of the changing scene is heightened by variations from sun to moonlight, and in the chapel views, by an artistic arrangement of light, and the introduction of a chaunt by a female voice behind the scenes.

Mr. Banvard is his own interpreter, and performs the office in a most agreeable manner, illustrating the sacred scenes by appropriate citations from the Bible in a simple and reverent manner. The pauses of the narrative are filled by the solemn tones of an organ harmonizing admirably with the emotions of solemnity which cannot fail to occupy the mind of the spectator. Every child should be taken to this exhibition, for it is a most valuable adjunct to the lessons of the church and the Sunday school.

A new exhibition of Egyptian antiquities has just opened at the Stuyvesant Institute, the collection of Dr. Abbott, during a prolonged sojourn in that country. It is varied and extensive, occupying three large rooms of the building. We shall take an early opportunity of calling attention to its merits.

LOSSING'S *Field Book of the Revolution* has been brought to a close with a thirtieth part. It exhibits in an unmistakable form the fidelity, diligence, and zealous spirit of local antiquarianism through all parts of the country, with which the author, with pen and pencil, has pursued, and illustrated his investigations. The analytic index of fifty closely printed diamond royal 8vo. pages, is an admirable test and demonstration of the labor employed upon the work. Every portion of the old colonies finds here its ancient and original modern reference, for Mr. Lossing gives us not only the history of the past, but the past as it has survived in living tangible monuments to the present. This permanent magazine of American revolutionary history for the field and the fireside, has rescued many an incident from oblivion and stamped many a fading memorial on its pages in exquisitely neat and vivid portraiture. The book will be seen by all, and its merits will commend themselves at once to the eye. Already, we understand, since its completion, the demand has outrun the capacity for supply—some thousand copies having been sold in a few days. This is as it should be, and will send the author on with a good heart to his new labors in the pictorial and anecdotal illustration of the French Dominion on this Continent.

Australia is now by its sequel to California in emigration and gold production fairly an American topic, though hitherto it has occupied but little attention in this country. We know of no original American work on the topic, and reprints of the English works have been steadily avoided. A popular, and at the same time a matter-of-fact English work, now before us, supplies this deficiency of information. *The Three Colonies of Australia: New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia*, by Samuel Sidney, published by Ingram, Cook & Co., London, in the *Illustrated Library*, and for sale at Messrs. Bangs' agency in this city. Facts of climate, cultivation, and mineral productiveness, are given in a direct and brief form, and the book is abundantly illustrated, and in an elegant manner.

Another illustrated volume from the same publishers is Madame Pfeiffer's *Visit to the Holy Land*, which is written in the plain, sensible, tourist's style of the itineraries of this lady, whose geographical industry would seem unlimited. But whether met in Iceland or the tropics we find her pen always animated and instructive.

Captain Mayne Reid has written a new work for youth, "The Boy Hunters, or Adventures in search of a White Buffalo"—as Captain Ahab went in search of a white whale. This is a medium for anecdotes of Western Prairie life, in which Captain Reid tells us he has "dealt with physical rather than moral facts," and, in rather contradictory language, that "show and style have been sacrificed upon the altar of simplicity—at least such has been the aim." There are tact and spirit, however, in the adventures,

which belong to a class, the marvels of natural history, which will always interest the young. Teknor & Co., are the publishers.

Messrs. Stanford and Swords have issued a new pocket edition of the Book of Common Prayer. It is printed in single column on a wide 24mo. page, forming a thinner volume than the ordinary editions, so that it can readily be slipped in the pocket. It is put up in the very convenient flexible covers in which the publishers issue their 18mo. edition, and can be had elegantly decorated with emblematic devices or in a plainer garb. The same publishers have issued their pocket Almanac for 1853, an indispensable little manual for the clergy and laity of the Episcopal Church.

Stories Explanatory of the Church Catechism, by Mrs. Sherwood, revised by the Rt. Rev. James Kemp, D.D. (Philadelphia, H. Hooker). A book which will carry the minds of many parents as they place it in the hands of their children, to the days past when they themselves first read it as children. It will be prized by the new generation as it was by the old. The early writers for children, Mrs. Barbauld, Miss Edgeworth and Mrs. Sherwood still hold their ground, though a large number of new comers, able and acceptable, are in the field.

Philip Doddridge, his Life and Labors; a Centenary Memorial, by John Stoughton, with an introductory chapter by James G. Miall. Boston, Gould & Lincoln. A brief, but agreeably written biography of an eminent divine and the author of one of the most widely-prized theological works in a language rich in such treasures, is a desideratum which this neat twelve-mo. volume very acceptably supplies. Dr. Doddridge's life, though a quiet, was not an uninteresting one in its incidents, to say nothing of its eminent labors.

The Twentieth Volume of the edition of the Waverley Novels, published by B. B. Mussey & Co. and S. H. Parker, is "The Chronicles of the Canongate," with two excellent and striking illustrations. The print, paper, and size of these volumes will command a large class of purchasers; particularly (as we have said before) as it is the only edition of an entirely convenient character in the market.

THE PRICE OF LIFE.

BY JOHN STEINFORT KIDNEY.

The crystal in the mine distilled
A thousand years of yore,
Will sparkle, when the earth has filled
A thousand ages more.
Undecaying is it, cold and bright,
Unfretted by the air, untarnished by the light.

The flower that gushed on yesterday
Into the warming sheen,
To-morrow's wind will blow away
In fragments, through the green.
Gem and sparkle of the living world,
A moment's triumph flashing, then to ruin hurled.

The peaks sublime of Hindostan
Repose where they will be,
When the unborn leviathan
Shall crumble in the sea.
Man the joyous, wise, and free, and fair,
More precious than them all, gasps out his soul in air.

What is the Price of Life? 'Tis Death!
The dark sea flows beside,
And wraps the things of joyous breath
Within its dismal tide.

Dearer beauty than of gems, must pay
Its price of exaltation, sickness, and decay.

The earth with living thoughts is sown,
That kindle dust and air
To shapes and hues beyond her own
More wonderful and fair;—
All subsides to ashes, yet once more
To be by new thoughts moulded firer than before.

And Death is but the failure, thence,
Of this, our stolid earth,
To hold God's thoughts in permanence;—
They need a second birth.
Life is infinite, and all Divine:
It flits, and yet returns, to seek a worthy shrine.

The old earth must be made anew,
Ere flowers that never fade,
Or deathless flocks, shall drink the dew,
Or cluster in the shade.
Man the Noblest, then may hope to wear
A deathless body, wrought from nobler dust and air.

Decay is but the prophecy,
And Death the certain mark
That Life is not what it should be,
But struggling in the dark
After a wider and eternal scope,—
Death's groan is but the voice of Life's own deathless Hope!

God's Word is Life, and through the earth
It runs in countless streams,
To make of it a fairer birth
Than archangelic dreams.
Wait a little!—till Time's measure fills,
And Life, in beauty, shall outlast the everlasting hills.

HOMER.

From Lamartine's "Concluding canto of Childe Harold."

HOMER! to that great name, air, earth, sea, sky,
From Hellespont to Pindus, all reply.
O, of another age the monument,
And of another nature! men have spent
Their wit's last force, in vain, the word to find
That shall express the stature of thy mind!
Incredulous human pride has weary grown
Of rendering homage to the great unknown,
And giving o'er the ever-baffled quest
For any likeness of thee, seeks its rest
In worshipping, for thee, the fabulous haze
Through which thy poem looms from the dim, distant days.

Yet thou wast man, full well thy tears do show,
No God had e'er so truly groined our woe!
The immortal who thus moves us has confessed,
He, too, sucked pity from a woman's breast!
But when great Nature, in the world's young day,

Made gods or monsters of a fresher clay,
Then Heaven created thee in its magnificence,
Another ocean, shoreless, deep, immense;
A sympathetic mirror, on whose breast
Of blue unbroken 'mid the wave's unrest,
The shore is imaged in the crystal lymph;
The shepherd chases there the flying nymph;
There sleeps the star in heaven, the torn sail flies,—

The night-wing'd tempest scuds along the skies;
Or jagged lightning crinkles o'er the wave,
And, grazing the green foam, sinks, hissing, in its grave!

C. T. P.

THE LONDON TIMES AND THE POVERTY OF LONDON.

WE have often admired the candor and moral courage with which the Press of England treats the various difficulties of the nation. It may certainly afford a little self-laudation

on occasion when it so unsparingly denounces every fraud, shabbiness or cruelty which human nature will practice in the land. The recent rebuke of the *Times* to the phariseism of certain noble ladies addressing America on the slave question from Stafford-house was well put. We quote the following sequel to that article, in no spirit of national complacency, but as an honorable example (for our own emulation when occasion arises) of a great journal's guardianship of the humblest poverty and suffering, its protection for the weak and indignation for the powerful.

[From the London Times, Dec. 2.]

A question was asked last night by Mr. Walter of Sir John Trollope which certainly needed a reply. In our impression of Saturday last, there was the report of a case which had been investigated on the previous day before Mr. Norton, which we trust did not pass unobserved. It was one of those stern realities which occur most nights of the week in the streets of London, and which might with advantage occupy the attention of the sweet "sympathisers" of Stafford-house, or furnish occasion for an "indignation meeting" in the choicest region of Mayfair. We will not talk at any length of stones and glasshouses, of beams and motes. Let us, however, just venture to hint, that if any one of the highborn ladies who has set her name to the remonstrance which is about to be handed to "our sisters in the United States" would wrap her delicate form in her warmest mantle, hide her features under her thickest veil, and sally forth, under proper guardianship, into the streets of London in the dead hour of night, she might perchance see something that would make her pause before she called foreign nations to the bar of Stafford-house to receive judgment. Let us invite one of these enthusiastic monitors in the excellent school of charity to take a stroll with us in imagination at a particular place and hour. The time shall be Thursday night of last week—or rather Thursday evening; the place, the neighborhood of Lambeth Workhouse. Yonder is the Workhouse door. A poor creature, a young English girl—to be sure she is not a black—a parcel of drenched rags clinging to her trembling form—every mark of agony and despair in her countenance, lifts her hand to the bell. She rings once and again, and at length the door-porter appears—accompanied by a person holding a situation under the guardians—his name is Brooke,—and he is a policeman. She is starving, she is pregnant, and almost in the pains of labor, but the stern officials will not take her in. Why? Because she had been in the workhouse until Tuesday morning last, and had then been discharged by "order of the guardians." Nor is this all. The tale of parochial bounty is not yet half told out. During that long wet Tuesday she wandered about. She had not a friend in this great town to whom she could apply for the smallest assistance, and on Tuesday night she came back to implore once more the kindly shelter of the parish workhouse. For yet that night she was taken in, but the next morning cast forth into the world again with a piece of dry bread in her hand. On Wednesday the same was renewed—the same fruitless casting about for food and shelter—the same disappointment, and the same despair. But parochial bounty can only go thus far, and no further. Charity herself was worn out with

the importunity of this persevering pauper, and on Thursday night, the doors of the parish workhouse were finally and sternly shut in her face.

But she was not alone in her sufferings. You might have supposed that the misery of London—enormous as the amount of London misery undoubtedly is—could have shown no counterpart to the frightful position of this unfortunate creature—without a home, without a friend, without a character, without a shelter, without a bite of food—betrayed by her seducer—and the mark for the last twelve hours of the floodgates of heaven. We implore the fair sympathisers of Stafford-house—to be sure we are not in *Uncle Tom's* country—to look again. Can it be there are two of them? Yes! Another young woman, precisely in the same situation, knocks at the same workhouse door, and is refused admittance by the same stern guardians of the ratepayers' pockets. The two unfortunates club their anguish and their despair together, and set forth in quest of some archway or place of shelter, beneath which they may crouch until the gas-lamps are put out, and the day breaks once more upon their sufferings. Well, on they roamed until one of the two, Sarah Sherford, was actually seized with the pangs of labor, when they resolved to stagger back to the workhouse; but again the door was shut in their faces. What was to be done? They were driven away from the house, and moved slowly along, with many a pause of agony, no doubt, until they met with a policeman, one Daniel Donovan, who directed them to a coffeehouse where they might hope to get shelter. The coffeehouse did not open till 2 o'clock, when they had two hours' shelter. But at that hour they were again cast out, as the keeper was obliged to come into the street with his stall and attend to it. "At this time"—we will here copy the language of our report—"Sherford's labor pains had considerably increased, and they again spoke to the same policeman, Donovan, and told him that, unless she was taken into the workhouse or some other place, she must give birth to her infant in the street." Daniel Donovan accordingly conveyed the two unfortunate creatures to the workhouse once more at 4 o'clock in the morning. "The policeman on duty there," said this witness, "told him that they had been there before, and seemed to have some hesitation about admitting them, but on being told that one was in the pains of labor he let them in."

We leave this story without further comment to the select committee of Stafford-house. We doubt their power to assist the negroes of the Southern States of the American Union, but we are confident they could do much to amend such frightful scenes at their own doors. Meanwhile we shall await with some little anxiety the result of Mr. Walter's inquiries, which were directed to two objects—first, had this hideous case been brought under the attention of the President of the Poor Law Board? Secondly, "Had not the Poor Law Board power in such cases to compel the guardians to do their duty without the intervention of the police?" Are poor creatures to suffer the last extremities of human agony in our streets unless a *Deus ex machina*, ticketed and numbered like a police constable, shall come to the rescue? Sir John Trollope, in reply, could of course, but state that the boards of guardians had no power to call in the police to

aid them in their duty. With regard to the first and more special inquiry, which was pointed at this particular case, it is satisfactory to know that all circumstances connected with it are undergoing formal investigation, and that the result will shortly be laid before Parliament and the public.

THE MYSTERIES OF LOUIS NAPOLEON.

ONE of the first uses of a great man, no matter on what pedestal the greatness is erected, or what may be the quality of the superstructure, is to afford the opportunity of proving the greatness of a vast number of very small men. Falstaff was not only witty in himself, but the cause of wit in other people. It is a question often agitated in club rooms, and over pots of beer at the Shades and elsewhere, whether Louis Napoleon is so much of a fool as he was taken for; but of the wisdom of these commentators there can be no question whatever. Their oracular gravity, wise sententiousness, and well assured dogmatism, prove that. No event of the present century has been a greater windfall to the penny-a-liner, than the culmination of Napoleon III. It is impossible not to be profound on such a phenomenon. You prophecy his speedy downfall. It becomes conviction itself. The only point worthy of conversation, is whether he will escape across the channel under the disguise of Mr. Smith, or Mr. Johnson. On the other hand, shake your head, and simply say, "Louis Napoleon is no fool!" a charm of five words which, just now, will render invisible the ears of any simpleton on society. There is no contingency or point of the compass impossible for France. Go ahead, then, my brother of the press, with your pleasant little inventions, and not unpalatable suppositions. Manufacture your small beer into leaders, and your nightmares into astounding revelations. We are coming upon the "dead waste" of mid-winter, when these little hoaxing newspaper excitements are not only pardonable, but to be regarded as benevolent and laudable. Read history, revive a poisoning or two of the middle ages, insert Louis Napoleon's name in all the anecdotes of the scandalous orgies of Louis Quinze, and publish them over again. Be as mysterious and wonderful, and terrific as possible, and be assured you will never lack listeners and your penny-a-line. But you must start boldly, and draw your long bow to the feather, and as no precept is worth much without a precedent, we commend to your emulation the following delicious morceau, published with all the honors in the foreign correspondence of the *Courier and Enquirer*. Apart from its important bearings on the possible future existence of the British nation, the narrative is of the highest interest, in an æsthetic point of view, as a splendid specimen of the literary artist.

NAPOLEON THE THIRD—SECRET AND CONFIDENTIAL.

The following curious piece of information tells its own story. The *Belfast Chronicle*, from which I take it, is one of the most trustworthy and reliable journals in the United Kingdom.

There lives in Paris a gentleman who, in December, 1847, wrote—"I can see with perfect clearness that Louis Philippe will not be three months on the throne of France." Louis Philippe was exiled in February, 1848. That gentleman wrote shortly after the

Presidential election—"This Bonaparte scion is a traitor. Not a man looks at him but feels the instinct of avoiding him as a treacherous man. He will strike for the Consulate—for the Dictatorship; and God knows what will follow." He struck. The *coup d'état* of December, 1851, tells in history how he struck. The same gentleman wrote in the March of the present year—"The tyrant aims at the empire. His gaze is fixed upon the crown. Before a year there will be a revival of the Bonaparte dynasty, and the French will kneel before Napoleon the Third." The empire has come.

The man who predicted these events is no common man. He thinks and looks around him. He participates in many movements quietly, and gathers knowledge which, in our view, no other man at this moment in or out of Paris could find means to acquire. His previous predictions give us confidence in what he states. In fact we know him, and know that he would not detail as truth what he did not know to be true, for he is generally one of the least speculative individuals we have ever met.

Well, that gentleman—we would give his name if we were permitted—writes the subjoined on Thursday last, and all before whom it comes can measure its worth, and the amount of credence to be attached to it from what they have already learned. The revelation will seem curious to many: to us it is by no means so, as we are aware of the sources from which much of his information is derived, and how he derives it. That it is true we are convinced, and that the British government are "up" to the machinations of the French Emperor is evident from the revived state of our defences, from the embodiment of our militia, from the addition to our maritime hands, and from the establishment of a Channel Fleet.

The following is the communication referred to:—

In a secluded part of the wood of Boulogne, at a place called Madria, whilome the residence of Lamartine, is a house surrounded by trees, and the windows of which are never opened, except sometimes at dawn, as if to let in fresh air. This house, all day, and on many nights, has the air of being uninhabited; but oftentimes at night there come about suspicious looking characters, who take up their posts in the thickets, and then about twelve or one up come several carriages, with the blinds close down, the *porte cochère* is opened mysteriously, they drive in and the door closes behind them.

What is this place?

It is the residence of Virginie, la Sabotière.

This, for many persons—indeed, nearly all—is no explanation. But let us enter, one evening last week, and perhaps what may be going on may enlighten us.

In an apartment, sumptuously furnished, is a grand supper laid out, resplendent with plate and brilliant with lights, and around sit half a dozen men and as many women, who, while sipping their champagne, are talking animatedly of conquest and empire, of aggression and rapine.

"Yes," says one, striking his fist on the table—a man with heavy moustache, hooked nose, and saturnine, bilious countenance—"yes, when once I am crowned I will proclaim Jerome king of Holland, and not only proclaim him king, but make him king, while Belgium shall reign but as my vassal."

"Yes, sire," said all but one, whom we shall not mention.

"And then King of Rome and Italy, and

Protector of the Helvetic Confederation shall be no empty titles—they shall be mine."

"But, sire, England!" observed one gently.

"England, my eternal nightmare! England, the assassin of my uncle! Every step I take I find her in my way. Let her take care, perfidious and meddling Albion. Let her beware that she interfere not, for as surely as she interferes, will I land on her shores, and show them that their island is as easily made a French colony as was Algiers. They fancy themselves impregnable: they will find their mistake."

Thus spoke Louis Napoleon in the house of Virginie, la Sabotière.

I must now explain who she is, and how he found himself there, premising that the information I am giving you may cost me dear, though I hope no one will aid the rascally police of Bonaparte in tracing the author of the news here given. How I obtained it is a secret of life and death. But every word I write is true. Louis Napoleon may not carry out his after-supper boast, but the words were spoken by him.

When Louis Napoleon Bonaparte was a State prisoner in Ham, he was treated with very great kindness and consideration. Amongst others who saw him for different purposes, was Virginie, a very pretty girl, daughter of an old sabot maker in Ham. After a while Louis made proposals, they were accepted, and two children were the result. These children he was very much attached to. They were provided for, and sent to first-rate schools. On his advent to power in 1848, the Prince gave Virginie a pension, and then, in December, 1851, he gave her the beautiful residence above alluded to.

With a natural taste for debauchery, resembling in character the debauchery of the Regent and Louis XV., one of the delights of Louis Napoleon is an orgy, with plenty of wine and women. In fact, his happiness is a *petit souper*, such as when the Regent and Dubois lived. To indulge in these at St. Cloud and the Elysée would be dangerous, as there is a certain amount of public opinion still alive; but then there was the cozy little house at Madria, and that has been selected by him as the seat of his midnight conferences on the affairs of the Empire. Surrounded by parasites, pimps, and prostitutes, heated by wine, he tries to rouse himself in this despicable way to emulate his uncle.

Not a dozen persons in Paris, apart from his own clique, know a word of all this. But I have told it. Was I present? did I receive the report from one who was present? was the orgy revealed to a second party, and then to me? are questions I cannot answer.

I give the information as true, exact, and historical. It may be denied. That will only prove its truth, as, for a Bonapartist to say a thing to be, is to prove that it is not.

THE DISRAELI, JUNIOR, CURIOSITY OF LITERATURE.—THE ORIGINAL FRENCH ARTICLE AND CORRECTION OF THE TIMES' APOLOGY.

WE thought we had done with the Disraeli Plagiarism, but the new number of *Fraser's Magazine* for December, brings us some half dozen facts, important in the way of errata and commentary touching that remarkable "curiosity of literature." The *Times*, it will be remembered, attempted to weaken the force of the charge by disconnecting the special French passage from any particular notice of Marshal St. Cyr, by doubting its authorship by Thiers, and by coupling the matter with a notice of Disraeli's Vivian Grey which appeared in the same number of the *Révue Trimestre*. It became thus a very natural reminiscence of a merely anonymous

article on a general subject, and Thiers and St. Cyr were eliminated from the troublesome question. Of course the use of the passage remained, but it wasn't picking the pockets of Thiers or a French marshal.

Fraser attacks vigorously the "philokleptic writer" in the *Times*. "The case stands thus. Five-and-twenty years ago, Mr. Disraeli, charmed with a certain French review-article, commits a part of it to memory; fifteen years afterwards that tenacious memory enables him to introduce it to the notice of Mr. Smythe, with such accuracy of reference as leads to the discovery that the author was M. Thiers; six years later, Mr. Smythe refreshes his friend's recollections of his pet passage by quoting it in an article in the journal which most bitterly opposed the party of Mr. Disraeli; and last of all, after the lapse of four years more, in fulness of time the famous excerpt fulfils its final mission, by doing duty in the House of Commons as a burst of original eloquence from the mouth of Mr. Disraeli."

For the facts, which are not extenuating: "Mr. Smythe has made a trivial error in his dates; the review article which Mr. Disraeli has pillaged, not having been written quite so much as twenty-five years ago. It forms the seventh article in the *Révue Française*, No. 12, for November 1829, p. 196. It has been avowed by M. Thiers, and attracted much notice at the time. In spite of the confident assertion of the *Times*, it was on no subject wider than the Marechal Gouvion St. Cyr's memoirs of the campaigns of the armies of the Rhine, and of the Rhine and Moselle, from 1792 to the peace of Campo Formio. The same number of the *Révue* contains no allusion to Vivian Grey, which, however, had been favorably criticised in the first number (article 3) of the same periodical, that for January 1828, pp. 46-99. Of the *Révue Trimestre* mentioned by the *Times*, we have been unable to find any number on the shelves of the British Museum, nor any mention in its catalogues. A review called the *Révue Trimestrielle* was started by La Peltetier, at Paris, the first number appearing in January, 1828. But as it is not noticed in the *Bibliographie de la France*, for 1829, it probably did not survive the year of its birth. The *Révue Française* was and still is published six times a year, and therefore cannot have been called *Trimestre*. We conclude our remarks and complete this Curiosity of Literature by laying before our readers the passage that has seen so many vicissitudes and such hard service, in the original French:

"L'homme appelé à commander aux autres sur les champs de bataille, d'abord, comme dans toutes les professions libérales, une instruction scientifique à acquérir. Il faut qu'il possède les sciences exactes, les arts graphiques, la théorie des fortifications. Ingénieur, artiller, bon officier de troupes, il faut qu'il devienne en outre géographe, et non géographe vulgaire, qui sait sous quel rocher naissent le Rhin ou le Danube, et dans quel bassin ils tombent, mais géographe profond, qui est plein de la carte, de son dessin, de ses lignes, de leurs rapports, de leur valeur. Il faut qu'il ait ensuite des connaissances exactes sur la force, les intérêts et le caractère des peuples; qu'il sache leur histoire politique et particulièrement leur histoire militaire; il faut surtout qu'il connaisse les hommes, car les hommes à la guerre ne sont pas des machines; au contraire ils y deviennent plus sensibles, plus irritables qu'ailleurs; et l'art de les manier, d'une main délicate et ferme, fut toujours une partie importante de l'art des grands capitaines.

A toutes ces connaissances supérieures, il faut enfin que l'homme de guerre ajoute les connaissances plus vulgaires, mais non moins nécessaires, de l'administrateur. Il lui faut l'esprit d'ordre et de détail d'un commis; car ce n'est pas tout que de faire battre les hommes, il faut les nourrir, les vêtir, les armer, les guérir. Tout ce savoir si vaste, il faut le déployer à la fois, et au milieu des circonstances les plus extraordinaires. A chaque mouvement, il faut songer à la veille, au lendemain, à ses flancs, à ses derrières; mouvoir tout avec soi, munitions, vivres, hôpitaux; calculer à la fois sur l'atmosphère et sur le moral des hommes; et tous ces éléments si divers, si mobiles, qui changent, se compliquent sans cesse, les combiner au milieu du froid, du chaud, de la faim et des boulets. Tandis que vous pensez à tant de choses, le canon gronde, votre tête est menacée; mais ce qui est pire, des milliers d'hommes vous regardent, cherchent dans vos traits l'espérance de leur salut; plus loin, derrière eux, est la patrie avec des lauriers ou des cyprès; et toutes ces images, il faut les chasser, il faut penser, penser vite; car, une minute de plus, et la combinaison la plus belle a perdu son a propos, et au lieu de la gloire, c'est la honte qui vous attend.

"Tout cela peut sans doute se faire médiocrement, comme toute chose d'ailleurs; car on est poète, savant, orateur médiocre aussi; mais cela fait avec génie est sublime. Penser fortement, clairement, au fond de son cabinet, est bien beau sans contredit; mais penser aussi fortement, aussi clairement au milieu des boulets, est l'exercice le plus complet des facultés humaines."

As if this were not sufficient, Fraser ends with another set of parallel passages unearthed by the *Morning Chronicle*, a fac-simile of Macaulay's remarks on the spasmodic fits of morality of British society, in his article on Lord Byron in the *Edinburgh*, inserted by Disraeli in his alias of the noble poet, Lord Caducius of the novel Venetia.

THE WRITINGS OF JOHN HAMILTON REYNOLDS.

We commence our promised Passages from the writings of this mostly unknown but truly admirable author (of whom our last number contained a detailed account) with his tribute to the memory of the actor John Kemble. It appears, sandwiched between poetry by Barry Cornwall and criticism by Charles Lamb, in the number of the *London Magazine* for April, 1823. Our readers will appreciate its chastened eloquence and subtle spirit of poetry.

MR. KEMBLE.

[— He was advanced in life, tall, and of a form that might once have been commanding, but it was a little bowed down by time—perhaps by care. He had a noble Roman style of countenance; a head that would have pleased a painter; and though some slight furrows on his brow showed that wasting thought had been busy there, yet his eyes still beamed with the fire of a poetic soul. There was something in his whole appearance that indicated a being of a different order from the bustling race around him.—*Sketch Book.*]

JOHN KEMBLE is dead!—Alas! Actors have a double mortality and die twice!—First their mental faculties droop and become impaired, and they die from the stage, which is their public life; and then after a few years of inglorious silence and sloth, they catch the common trick of age, and die into dust! The first death is the most severe; for that is the death of grandeur, power, bright popularity,—fame! The poetry of life then expires, and nothing is left but the mere lees of prose! One night—the night of retirement—makes terrible change, and holds a frightful division: on one side we see the pomp of pageant, the measured march, the robe, the gemmed crown, the lighted eye, the crowd, the brilliancy, the shout, the triumphs of well-feigned passion, the beauty of breath-

ed poetry! On the other side all is dark! Life's candles are burnt out—aye, and in one night! We see the by-gone actor, bent from his pride of place, creeping about in his impoverished state—feeble, dejected, commonly attired, solitary, lost! The past remains to him a pang-like dream! Stripped at once of all his greatness, he wanders about like one walking in his sleep—seeing others usurp his throne in the public heart, or, not daring to abide the misery of such an usurpation, straying solitarily to some distant spot—some foreign shore—there to hear no storm of applause, no deafening shouts of a multitude, but to see quiet sunsets, hear the evening wind die along the waters, and watch the "untumultuous fringe of silver foam," woven momentarily and monotonously at his feet. He is Lear turned out by his pelican children from pomp to poverty! We will answer for it that John Kemble did *not*, as some one has said, quaff health in the south of France—not health of the heart—which is the only health worth possessing and cherishing!—that he did *not* find the air that blew over the vine-covered hills of France wholesomer than that of a crowded house; nor the lengthened murmurs of Mediterranean shores more soothing to the soul than the deep thunders of the pit. He was a grand, meditative, melancholy man; and as the airs and waters of evening toned him down to dreaming thought, he was the one, if ever such one were, to escape into a bright vision of the past—fleet on swift thoughts from the land of France, and be (in the words of his own Penruddock) "in London once again!"

Since the 23d of June, 1817, John Kemble has been no longer John Kemble to us—nor to himself! That one sad night closed a long account between us, in which we find ourselves debtors for many, many hours of brave delight. He retired to the land of Burgundy and tri-coloured flowers, there to waste away his brief days; and we rushed, like persons in despair, to drink intoxicating draughts of fermented Kean, and to drown remembrance in a brimming bowl of Macready! Now, however, that we have heard of the final death of our great favourite, all our recollections of him start into life, and urge us to speak of him, for the last time, with affection and respect; to recall some of those thoughts which attended him during his bright career; to record, as clearly as we may, the triumphs of an actor, who, above all others, embodied to the life the wild, heroic, and matchless characters of Shakspeare. We never met Mr. Kemble but once off the stage, and that was during his last visit to England. His face was as finely cut in its features as ever! and that clear outline reminded us of what we had gazed at in brighter scenes; but he sat in a large arm chair, bent down, dispirited, and lethargic. He spoke no word, but he sighed heavily; and after drowsing thus for a time he went away, and we never saw him again!

We have alluded to the last sight we had of John Kemble: "of this no more!" Let us call to mind the life and beauty of his bright dramatic existence, and take this sad but fit opportunity of giving a sketch of this noble tragedian in his best days. If we thought we could, in the lovers of the drama yet unborn, awaken an interest for his excellencies, we should indeed rejoice, but we shall be satisfied ourselves in the mere loose which we shall be able, in this paper, to give to our love and gratitude.

Of the youthful days of Mr. Kemble we know little; for he has not turned dramatic Rousseau, as that mad wag Mathews has done, and given a history of his floggings and his fame. The private life too, we conceive, of a public man should always be warily told; for who but the veriest fool would crave to have little failings, detracting peculiarities, helpless faults, recorded minutely, and with the malice of a biographer, against the children of genius? History is hard enough with the hate of the pen; and it would be well if the reader could, in his researches after the dead in literature, find some such check as the epitaph-hunter occasionally stumbles upon in a country churchyard:

Reader, pass on, nor idly spend your time
In bad biography, and bitter rhyme:
For what I am—this cumbrous clay insures;
And what I was,—is no affair of yours!—

Most Popes have their Bowleses: most Savages have their Johnsons! We do not, however, by these objections to the anatomizing propensity of biography, mean to infer that Mr. Kemble had any peculiar fault or vice which requires oblivion; for his private habits and character might well dare the malice even of friendship: we only mean to protest against that busy and impertinent inquiry which is occasionally made into the darker corners of a man's private life, when, by some power or skill, he has created an interest for himself as a public character. The few facts we know explain erring or imperfect reports, or refer to Mr. Kemble's first passion for the stage, and to his earliest connection with it; and may safely be told without violation of that propriety which we so much wish to see sacredly maintained.

Mr. Kemble was educated at a Roman Catholic school at Sedgely, in Staffordshire. His father was the manager of a country company; and wishing, perhaps from experience, to save his children from that pursuit, "which makes calamity of so long life," he sent John Kemble to a foreign university to qualify for one of the learned professions. John, however, became celebrated for his recitations from Shakspeare, and returned to England to betake himself to the stage. Not fifty fathers could have kept such a mind from its darling object.

He first appeared at Wolverhampton, in the *Farce of Love*, and made a tolerable impression on the tradesmen there. But the neighbourhood of the coal mines is no very favourable spot for the flights of youthful genius; and the passion for the drama does not rage over-violently in a hammering inlaid country-town, where the love of fame is superseded by the love of factories. Mr. Kemble, however, had previously, when only ten years old, played with his little sister (since grown, like Jack the Giant Killer's bean, into Mrs. Siddons) in the tragedy of *King Charles the First*!

He next performed the blazing part of Bajazet, at Wolverhampton, and shook his iron chain to the great pleasure of the audience. This play must be always popular with the iron trade; and on the evenings upon which it is played, the founders, no doubt, invariably agree with Mr. Moore, that—

Joy so seldom weaves a chain
Like this to-night—that, oh! 'twere pain
To break its links so soon!

Mr. Kemble played in this, his time, many

parts—and in many indifferent villages. But at length he joined that incomparable old man Tate Wilkinson, at York; and delighted the crabbed, aged, good manager with his powers; and this was, perhaps, the surest warranty of their value. Here Mr. Kemble gave recitations from the poets and prose writers of England, and netted some reputation and profit; though not much of the latter; for the grinding of odes makes but ill bread. The preaching of the Bard—the Passions—the Progress of Music, behind a green baize table—is about as idle an attempt, as cutting the tongue of an eagle with a sixpence to make him sing.

From York Mr. Kemble went to Edinburgh with Old Tate, who had taken the theatre there. This was not *ratting* over to any new manager, which the Patentee, with his vermin antipathies, would have abhorred. In Edinburgh Mr. Kemble delivered a lecture, of his own construction, "on Sacred and Profane Oratory;" and gained much credit in the north, which is rather extraordinary, when it is remembered how mighty the Scotch are in lectures of all descriptions. A great effect was produced, we have no doubt, by Mr. Kemble's mode of delivering his composition; for his style of declamation was always popular in the north.

In 1782 he proceeded to Dublin, and appeared in Hamlet. To perform this divine part was, in that time, considered a courageous and an honourable effort; and laurels reaped in Denmark were greenest of leaf. The time is changed: for it appears by a play bill, very lately put forth by the *Committee of the Western Philanthropic Institution for relieving the Poor*, that Mr. C. Kemble being prevented, by his domestic calamity, from playing in Don John, Mr. Macready had kindly and generously, in their moment of distress, condescended to perform the character of Hamlet. Condescended!—condescended to play Hamlet!—"Well! what comes next, Mr. Merriman?"

Mr. Kemble, who, by enacting Hamlet, did not conceive he was "relieving the poor," dared nobly, and sent his fame bravely abroad. On the 30th of September, in the next year, he appeared as the Danish Prince, on the boards of Drury-lane, and at once established himself with the town. For a year or two he performed but few characters, as Mr. Smith was then the hero of the stage; but in 1788, Mr. Kemble was left in full possession of the tragic throne; and he reigned in old Drury some years. He married, and became manager, which falls to the lot of but few lords of the creation!

There is one story pretty generally circulated (for ill-nature is a more active reporter than any employed by the newspapers), and pretty widely believed, which we are anxious to contradict, because it is, of our own knowledge, wholly and maliciously false. At the time that Mr. Kemble married the lady who now survives him—it was asserted that he wedded suddenly at the instigation of a nobleman high in rank, whose daughter had become ardently enamoured of him. It was said that the young lady's attachment could only be checked by its being thus rendered a hopeless one; and that, to insure Mr. Kemble's compliance with the nobleman's wishes, he was promised by his lordship the sum of 4000*l.* as a marriage portion, which, it was asserted (to darken the report), when the wedding was once solemnized, was never paid. The names of the parties have

been mentioned—the peer has been fixed upon—the lady has been singled out; but we can positively say that there is not one syllable of truth in all that has been uttered. No offer of the kind was ever made to Mr. Kemble. He was, in fact, attached to the lady he married, when he was very young, and it is believed, that he made her an offer some time before she married Mr. Brereton her first husband, and was then unsuccessful; but on the death of that gentleman he renewed his addresses, and was accepted. It was a marriage of real affection,—and those who knew Mr. Kemble's mind would readily acquit him of being capable of an act so base, so indelicate, as that which black-tongued rumour would attribute to him.

Mr. Kemble continued to preside over Drury-lane for upwards of twelve years, during which period he accomplished many vast improvements in the style of getting up plays, particularly in the costume! In 1802, he travelled—visited and observed the theatres at Paris and Madrid, and formed a friendship with Talma, the great French tragedian, which lasted throughout Mr. Kemble's life.

In 1803, having purchased a share in Covent-garden (which Mr. C. Kemble now holds), he appeared on the boards of that theatre in his then celebrated performance of Hamlet, and was rapturously received. He revived several of Shakspeare's plays between that year and 1808, and made Covent-garden classic ground; when, one short morning, the house was consumed by fire. By this fatal event Mr. Kemble was an enormous loser. But the Duke of Northumberland indulged on this occasion in an act of liberality and kindness, nearly unprecedented in the history of peers, which much lessened the manager's loss.

The circumstances attending this munificent conduct of His Grace the Duke of Northumberland, of whose supposed parsimony the world was so fond of whispering, have never been made public; but as they redound so much to the good feeling of Mr. Kemble, and assert so splendidly the Duke's liberality and excellence of heart, we shall correctly detail the facts, upon the genuineness of which we pledge ourselves. When at the York theatre, Mr. Kemble was in need of a few soldiers to enrich certain processions, and he therefore applied to an officer of a regiment stationed in the city, for permission to engage some of the men. The officer rudely refused, declaring that his men had better things to learn than the duties of a theatre. Mr. Kemble, repulsed, but not vanquished, renewed his application to the then Earl Percy, who had higher authority; and his Lordship immediately granted the permission required; and, indeed, directed that the men should assist Mr. Kemble in any way he could make them serviceable. Several years passed;—York days were over;—and Mr. Kemble had become the proud favorite of London—when on one occasion, Dr. Raine, the head master of the Charter House, called upon him, and stated that he was commissioned to request, on the behalf of a nobleman, Mr. Kemble's assistance in the education of his son. Mr. Kemble said that he was compelled, from want of time, and on other accounts, to refuse all such requests—and, much as he regretted it, he was compelled to refuse the application of his friend. Dr. Raine observed, as he was leaving the room, that he lamented the refu-

sal, as the Duke of Northumberland would be greatly disappointed. On hearing the name of the nobleman, Mr. Kemble desired the doctor to stay; and immediately said, "The Duke has a right to command me;" at the same time recounting the anecdote we have just stated of His Grace, when he was Earl Percy. Mr. Kemble consented at once to the Duke's request, and attended the present Duke for some time, giving him lessons on elocution. But no apparent satisfactory return for his superintendence seemed to be made, or even to be contemplated by the noble family. Time went on. The day of kindness came. On the very morning upon which the theatre was burned down, His Grace wrote to Mr. Kemble, and proffered him the loan of 10,000*l.* upon his personal security, if it would be a convenience to him. It was a convenience. Mr. Kemble accepted the offer with readiness and gratitude—and paid the interest for the time to the steward. On the day, however, upon which the first stone of the new Covent-garden Theatre was laid, the Duke wrote again to Mr. Kemble, and observed, that no doubt that day was one of the proudest of Mr. Kemble's life—and that His Grace was anxious, as far as possible, to make it the happiest. He inclosed the cancelled bond!—at another time, finely declaring, that Mr. Kemble had taught him how to make a return! Was not this nobility?—Ought not such a man to have his memory righted?—Did the name of Percy ever adorn a more princely deed?—One grand, unaffected, quiet act of this nature speaks more for the man than a thousand subscriptions to public charities, whereby a person pays only for advertising his own generosity.

The ruins of the old theatre did not long moulder:—a new theatre was erected as by the hand of magic, but the foundation stone was first laid by the hand of the Prince Regent; who, as Grand Master Freemason, patted the stone with a silver trowel. All our readers know the beautiful appearance of the building; but all may not remember its first rich and yet chaste interior. It was opened on the 18th September, 1809, with Macbeth; but the Proprietors having imprudently increased the store of private boxes, and inflicted an additional sixpence upon the pit admission-price, and a further shilling upon the boxes, the English public danced a rigadon upon the new benches for sixty nights, and behaved with all the well-known brutality of the Bulls. Not a word was heard from the rise to the set of the curtain. The audiences were, nearly to a man, infuriated; each hat was lettered O. P.—the cry was still O. P.—The dance was O. P.—The yell was O. P.—Each managerial heart beat to the truth of Sir Vicary Gibb's Latin pleasantries, "*effodiantur opes irritamenta malorum.*" John Kemble appealed to the pit in black; the pit turned a deaf ear,—certainly the only one it could have to turn! Manliness seemed to give way to dastardly hate. Mr. C. Kemble was hooted for being a brother—Mrs. C. Kemble was yelled at—nay, pelted at with oranges—for being the wife of the brother of a Kemble. Mrs. Siddons was of the Kemble blood; and that was enough. The fight was long, but not doubtful. Dutch Sam was called in, with a large bunch of Jew boxers, but he was dropped at the foot of the check-taker; and did no good. At length the compromise was made; the shilling on the boxes was suffered

to remain, the private boxes were diminished, and the pit sixpence fell to the ground. The house did not for a long time recover its fortunes or its freshness; and Mr. Kemble could not easily forget his manifold and infamous indignities.

To be continued.)

DIES IRÆ.

A FOURTH TRANSLATION FOR THE LITERARY WORLD.

I.

DAY of wrath! that final day
Shall the world in ashes lay,
As David and the Sibyl say.

II.

Oh, what trembling there shall be
When the coming Judge we see
All to search impartially.

III.

Then the trumpet's awful sound
Shall burst the graves beneath the ground
And call us all the throne around.

IV.

Death, amazed, and Nature too,
Shall see the dead arise to view,
To take their just and final due.

V.

There the record will be shown
In which every thing is known,
Whence to judge the world alone.

VI.

When the Judge is seated, then
Shall each Sin appear again—
Not unpunished one remain.

VII.

Wretched me! what shall I say!
Who will plead for me that day
When the just themselves must pray!

VIII.

King of Majesty divine,
Freely saving who are thine,
Save me, fount of love divine!

IX.

Blessed Jesus I implore
By the pangs for me thou bore,
Do not lose me evermore!

X.

Sought by thee in toil and pain—
By thy cross redeemed again—
Let thy sufferings not be vain!

XI.

Avenging justice, oh, delay!
Grant me pardon whilst thou may,
Before that awful reck'ning day!

XII.

Humbly I my sorrow speak—
Blushes burn my guilty cheek—
Spare me, God, while thus I seek!

XIII.

Guilty Mary thou forgavest—
On the cross a thief thou savedst—
To me also hope thou gavest.

XIV.

All unworthy is my prayer—
But thy goodness still declare,
Let me not in flames despair!

XV.

Where thy flock by thy command
From the goats divided stand,
Place me, there, on thy right hand!

XVI.

When the cursed, downward driven,
To eternal fires are given,
Call me with the blest to Heaven.

XVII.

Bowed and lowly, hear my cry—
See my heart in ashes lie—
Oh, protect me when I die!

XVIII.

On that final day of tears
When before thy bar appears
Man from ashes ris'n again—
Spare me, God, oh spare me then!

E. C. B.

NEW YORK, December, 1862.

MISCELLANY AND GOSSIP.

— The *Independent* has a curious disclosure in regard to the manuscripts of President Edwards:—

"Few things in literary and theological history are more interesting than the examination of the manuscripts of the great theologian of New England. We passed some time not long since in such an examination, in the study of Rev. Tryon Edwards, D.D., of New London, who has in his possession nearly all the papers and unpublished writings President Edwards left at his death. Among them was the precious work recently given to the public, on *Charity and its Fruits*. There are other works remaining, quite complete, unpublished: for example, a series of *Sermons on the Beatitudes*, a work on *Revelations*, a large *Commentary on the whole Bible*, containing 904 pages, a leaf of the printed English Bible being interposed between every two sheets. There is also an imperfect *Harmony of the Genius, Spirit, Doctrines, and Rules of the Old Testament and the New*, an immense undertaking, which would have been a prodigious monument of theological learning and wisdom, had it been completed. We wish that the work on the *Apocalypse* might be transcribed and given to the world, and that speedily. Such views of men who gathered their knowledge of sacred things from the prayerful study of the Word of God itself, with the aid of the theological treasures in the works of English theologians and reformers, before anything was known of German literature, are invaluable.

"All the manuscripts of Edwards reveal, in the most interesting manner, his indefatigable industry and thoroughness in the study of the Scriptures, his entire submission of all things to their authority, and the acuteness and power with which he grappled with the subjects in morals and metaphysics that occupied his mind. There are note-books from year to year, remaining, some of them filled up during the period when he was engaged in controversy against Arminianism, and in the production of his works on *Original Sin* and the *freedom of the Will*. Some of these note-books, or partial student's diaries, or memorandums of thought and study, reveal in a curious manner the scarcity of paper, and the necessity Edwards was under, of economizing in the use of it. He used to make rough blank books out of odds and ends, backs of letters, scraps of notes sent in from the congregations; and there is one long parallelogram of a book made entirely out of strips from the margins of the old London *Daily Gazetteer* of 1743, printed for M. Cooper, at the Globe, in Paternoster Row. It is written close and full, within and without, except the remnants or fringes that had some of the printing retained. There is another most curious manuscript, made out of circular scraps of paper, 147 leaves being in the shape of half-moons, intermingled with patterns of caps, and other such like remnants of housewifery, that after they had served as exponents of the wife's ingenuity and industry in head-gear, answered also for the husband's metaphysics, or first rough sketches of exposition or demonstration in some of the knottiest questions of theology."

— We have (in a late number of the *Leeds Mercury*), an outline of a novel project:

"A plan for establishing itinerating village libraries has been taken up by the committee of the Yorkshire Union of Mechanics' Institutions, and the regulations have been considered with some care, so as to adapt the project to that

county. The first experiment is to be tried in ten villages to be selected in the neighborhood of Leeds. It is proposed that there shall be ten small circulating libraries, one for each village, but to be exchanged every six months, and sent successively to the whole ten villages, so that all the libraries would go the circuit in five years. The choice of books and subsequent management are proposed to be in the committee of the Yorkshire Union of Mechanics' Institutions, aided by a representative of the subscribers in each of the ten villages. It is proposed that the minimum fund for the purchase of the ten libraries shall be £150, which it is believed will purchase 1000 volumes. Of this fund the committee hope to raise four-fifths, or £120, and it is expected that the village shall raise one-fifth or £30, being an average of £3 for each village. For the subsequent purchase of new books, reliance must be placed on a small regular subscription. Each subscriber would be expected to pay 1½d. per week. The smallest number of subscribers that would entitle any village to ask for a library would be 25; and when that number was obtained, together with £3 towards the original purchase of books, a village would receive a well-selected library of fifty volumes. If the subscribers numbered fifty, they would be entitled to 100 volumes; if there were 100 subscribers, they would receive 200 volumes. In each village a respectable person would be sought to act as librarian, and to collect subscriptions, and a small allowance would be made for the trouble. A list of donations has been opened, but the amount required to commence the experiment has not yet been raised. Among the donors we see the following names:—The Earl of Carlisle, Mr. M. T. Baines, M.P., Mr. J. G. Marshall, Lord Goderich, M.P., Mr. J. Evelyn Denison, M.P., Rev. Dr. Hook."

— This is unquestionably not only an age for the agitation of Woman's Rights, but also a decidedly letter-writing age. The two are occasionally conjoined to a rather unique end, as for example in this epistle from the *Tribune*:—

"*An Act of Public Justice*.—In this age of liberality, progress, and enlightenment, especially with regard to the proper sphere and conduct of woman, when Cleopatra, Aspasia, Ninon, George Sand, and so many of the gifted and free-souled heroines who have long been the victims of blind and brutal prejudice, and of being vindicated from the opprobrium with which the crafty despotism of priests and husbands had invested them, will you permit me to do justice to another of that radiant sisterhood, whose wrongs have been deeper and whose sufferings in reputation more protracted than those of any of those already vindicated? I allude, of course, to the lady whose very name has been stolen from her by the stupid bigotry of Moses, and who is therefore only known to us as 'Potiphar's wife!' It is strange to me that, while all others of her kin have been glorified, she, the spiritual mother of the whole, should remain to this day disgraced and anathematized. Why should this be? Was she not one of the earliest of any whom History makes known to us to spurn the withering bondage of ties unrecognized by the heart, and permit herself to be guided by the Divine law of Attraction? Who has ever more implicitly heeded 'the sacred clew of Charn' than my heroine? Who ever spurned more disdainfully and utterly the soul-debasing artifices and Nature-outraging hypoocrisies with which the sex are accustomed to conceal their preferences and crucify their affection? Mr. Editor, it is a shame to our age that that woman has so long remained the victim of her persecutors; and I suggest that a statue (in brass) be raised to her memory forthwith, and that Dr. Lazarus and Mr. Andrews be invited to prepare suitable inscriptions. If I could only tell where Mr

James is to be found, I would like to have *his* services also; but, after reading all he has written on Marriage and Divorce twice over very carefully, I am not quite sure whether he would commend her for following the Divine Attractions of her nature or lecture her for what he might be pleased to term her 'disorderly life.' His principles seem to me clearly to point to the former conclusion, but his dicta are at times so utterly at war with these, that I think it safest to leave him out. I trust, however, that the lecturer on Cleopatra will not be found wanting in her duty to one whom not even the most malign disparagement can deny the merit of having been 'a woman of passion,' though she failed in a single instance to prove herself one of 'power' also.

"I remain, most respectfully, yours,
"YOUNG AMERICA."

— A "Sometime" correspondent of the *Literary World* has found another than the ordinary scholastic *curriculo*, and "talks up" (in one of the cleverest sporting epistles we have copied in many a day) in the last number of the *Spirit of the Times*. We might give the entire account of the race as racy and spirited, but the following description of the effect of the success of "our correspondent's" nag, upon friends and enemies, is sufficiently humorous for our purpose:—

"There had been a goodly collection of Parisian fashionables, horse-dealers, and other components of the sporting fraternity, in the vicinity of the goal, but by the time Fanny walked back up the hill, they were already beginning to disappear. Gigs, phaetons, and *dokkers*, were twinkling in the distance, as if every Frenchman's name had been Haynes for the occasion; the horses' legs having a good deal more to do than the men's tongues. And as nature abhors a vacuum, a nearly equal amount of Americans, who had not been seen or heard of previously, suddenly appeared to fill their places. It was a perfect caution the quantity of New Yorkers that popped up from some place or other, and began to gas.

Our triumph was the more hearty from the intense state of funk that all my friends and followers had been in. My particular crony and right-hand man in Paris was so seared that he never showed on the ground at all, and actually did not dare *till next day* to inquire about the result. My French coachman was so persuaded of the roan's winning that he could not be convinced of the truth for nearly half an hour. As to the mare's groom and trainer, James Doran, he was afraid to come for the sulky after the trot till he had learned the issue of it from a departing horseman. Then he made his appearance, smiling like three baskets of chips, and by way of showing that it was no trouble to Fanny to beat an English horse before breakfast, no sooner did he get up behind her, than he gave her a spin and overhauled the scattering vehicles at a pace that made their occupants look more astounded than ever.

— If Elder Orson Pratt be an authentic and authorized expounder of Mormonism, we now know what Mormonism is, and we are indebted to the *National Intelligencer* for an abstract of its peculiarities.

"One of the twelve Apostles of the church of the 'Latter-day Saints,' ORSON PRATT, is preaching thrice on Sunday and once on Wednesday evening of each week, at Temperance Hall, on the subject of Mormonism. The address of Sunday evening last was attended by some two hundred persons or upwards, and continued something more than an hour. It consisted chiefly in giving the history of the rise of Mormonism, the discovery of the Mormon scriptures, and the hopes of the sect for

the future, which are very high and enthusiastic. In the expositions of Mormon ideas, doctrines, and practices, there appears no disposition to deny the *polygamistic* principles and habits that prevail amongst them. In reference to this, as to other points of Mormon doctrine, Elder Pratt refers to his journal "*the Seer*," of which the first number has appeared. In this he defends a plurality of wives as a Divine institution, from arguments founded on the practices of three fourths of mankind now, the customs of the old Jewish patriarchs, and the *alleged* tacit allowance of Christ. He also claims that polygamy is not proscribed by the Constitution and laws of the United States, but rather guaranteed, when held under religious conviction by that article of the amendments to the Constitution which affirms that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." This plurality of wives he styles the "celestial marriage," which, he asserts, is to be a union as well in eternity as in time. There would seem now to be no further room for doubt about Mormon sentiments on this head; they are not only acknowledged but proclaimed and sought to be universally spread.

— ALEXANDER DUMAS (the modern Bricareus,) thus premonishes the world of the forthcoming of one of his multitudinous new romances:—

"Isaac Laquedem is the work of my life, as you shall judge. Twenty-two years ago, thinking myself ready to execute the formidable book, I sold it to Charpentier. Then it was to make eight volumes. Two years later I bought it back of him, finding that I lacked the force to struggle against such a subject.

"From that time forward amid all that I have done, and at the bottom of all I have done, and I have written *seven hundred volumes, and fifty dramas*, this obstinate idea has lived, and from eight volumes has grown to eighteen.

"Though during this time I have ever been incapable of executing this work as it ought to be executed, I have at least for the past twenty years, studied much and learned much. All that I have studied and learned of art, of sciences, of men and things I shall put into Isaac Laquedem. It is, I repeat to you, the *work of my life*.

"Now, what I ask of you is, that you shall thoroughly explain to your readers that I give them a book which has its precedent in no literature; a book, which like all books embodying a great thought, needs to be read as a whole before being judged, its value consisting especially in the immense aggregate formed by six distinct romances, carried through six different civilizations, upon the same subject and pursuing the same idea. To present beforehand an analysis and summary of it, would I think destroy something of its freshness. For the rest I can assure you that during this gestation of twenty years in my brain, it has reached such a degree of maturity that I now have but to pluck the fruit on the tree of my imagination.

"You will then, not have to wait. I shall not compose; I shall dictate.

"ALEXANDRE DUMAS."

— The Boston *Transcript* notices a lecture delivered last week, before the Mercantile Library Association, and very properly and becomingly compliments the lecturer as follows:—

"Amid the multitude of lectures on general topics, compiled from history and biography, and held together by slender threads of opinion,—it is both rare and refreshing to listen to one, which has the keen relish of personal experience.

"The lecture delivered last evening, by

James T. Fields, Esq., on 'Preparation for Foreign Travel,' was of this character.

"No young American has had finer or ampler opportunities,—and no one has employed them more worthily than he,—to see the various phases of European life, including the intellectual society of England; and his lecture was the result of his own observation, practically and beautifully stated. Among his facilities of illustration, we may notice the allusion to Bayard Taylor's manly and successful prosecution of travel afoot; the fantastic use to which a range of sculptured Caesars was put; and the scene of the poet Rogers, and our own Webster standing at the tomb of Shakspeare.

"His delivery was a model of clear and elegant elocution, and commanded the marked and continuous attention of a crowded audience."

— 'Change makes change,' and we suppose it is this condition of prosperity that has prompted the absorption into its permanent existence, by the New York *Courier and Enquirer*, of the heretofore incidental services of J. R. Spaulding, Esq., who is already known as an able foreign correspondent and editorial contributor to that leading journal. Mr. Spaulding in articles which we ascribe to him, has the qualities rare with American journalists of terseness and pregnancy. He always has more or at least as much to say as words to say it with; and we congratulate the *Courier and Enquirer* on the incorporation of so much genuine *lignum vite* among its four and forty solid columns.

— The London *Athenæum* informs us that application is to be made to Parliament, during its present session, to alter and enlarge the powers of Dulwich College, which was founded by Edward Alleyn, the great actor and rival of Richard Burbage, the first distinguished Shakspearian performer.

— The death of Mr. Empson, son-in-law of the late Lord Jeffrey, and editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, is announced to us by one of the late English steamers.

— TIME, like other visitors at this season, sends in his card, and like the seaman's it is the card he goes by: for we have all his courses and appointments for the year set forth, day by day, month by month. We have often heard and read of the "rosy hours," but it is only to-day (by the kindness of a friend on the other side of the water) that we have become acquainted with an aromatic almanac. This is a compassable card, of a size for the waistcoat or breast pocket, issued from Rimmel's, 39 Gerard street, Soho, London, with the ordinary time table in the centre, a neat border, and in the corners on either side four pretty little colored pictures, *apropos* to the respective seasons of the year, the whole odorous with a pleasurable fragrance. Happy idea which thus, by a delicate suggestion, makes "all seasons summer."

— A CLERICAL tailor in the *Churchman* advertises "a new and beautiful silk, which he has introduced for 'clerical gowns.' It is exceedingly rich, does not rattle when worn, and will last many years longer than the article heretofore worn in that robe." A gown that wont rattle is good, can Mr. Nelson Jarvis, clerical tailor, get up an article that wont *rat*?

Mr. J. seems to suppose that it is quite an ordinary thing for the clergy not to stand erect. Robes or fashionable citizens' garments. Mark the juxtaposition!

"Mr. Jarvis desires also to remark for the benefit of persons abroad "both of the Cler-

gy and Laity," who may withhold their orders on account of the impracticability of sending correct measures, that the exact height, without boots, and the size of breast and waist (taken under the coat, and over the vest), together with a full description of the form, namely, whether the figure is erect or stooping, and if stooping, whether much or partially, is a sufficient measure and direction to cut all robes, or fashionable citizens' garments of every description."

THE IRISHMAN.

BY THE LATE DR. MAGINN.

I.

THERE was a lady lived at Leith,
A lady very stylish, man,
And yet, in spite of all her teeth
She fell in love with an Irishman—
A nasty ugly Irishman,
A wild tremendous Irishman—
A tearing, swearing, thumping, bumping, ramp-
ing, roaring Irishman.

II.

His face was no ways beautiful,
For with small-pox 'twas scarred across;
And the shoulders of the ugly dog
Were almost double a yard across.
O, the lump of an Irishman,
The whiskey-devouring Irishman,—
The great he-rogue, with his wonderful brogue,
The fighting, rioting Irishman.

III.

One of his eyes was bottle green,
And the other eye was out, my dear;
And the calves of his wicked-looking legs
Were more than two feet about, my dear.
O, the great big Irishman,
The rattling, battling Irishman—
The stamping, ramping, swaggering, staggering,
leathering swash of an Irishman.

IV.

He took so much of Lundy Foot
That he used to snort and snuffle—O;
And in shape and size, the fellow's neck
Was as bad as the neck of a buffalo.
O, the horrible Irishman,
The thundering, blundering Irish-
man—
The slashing, dashing, smashing, lashing, thrash-
ing, hashing Irishman.

V.

His name was a terrible name, indeed,
Being Timothy Thady Mulligan;
And whenever he emptied his tumbler of
punch,
He'd not rest till he fill'd it full again.
The boozing, bruising Irishman,
The 'toxicated Irishman—
The whiskey, frisky, rummy, gummy, brandy, no
dandy Irishman.

VI.

This was the lad the lady loved,
Like all the girls of quality;
And he broke the skulls of the men of Leith,
Just by the way of jollity.
O, the leathering Irishman,
The barbarous savage Irishman—
The hearts of the maids, and the gentlemen's
heads, were bothered I'm sure by this
Irishman.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

ERRATA.—P. 9, for $\chi\epsilon\upsilon\sigma$ read $\chi\epsilon\upsilon\sigma$, for $\eta\tau\omicron\varsigma$ read $\eta\tau\omicron\alpha$, and for Bumshorn read Ramshorn.

Messrs. Editors Literary World:

I received the following prospectus a few days since from the Rev. Joseph Bosworth, D.D., mentioned below, with the request that I would bring the substance thereof before the scholars of our country. Knowing no way so sure and certain of reaching them as the columns of the *Literary World*, I send it for publication in full or in part as you may deem most expedient. By complying with this request, I doubt not you will oblige many lovers of Anglo-Saxon literature, to whom no word need be said concerning the importance of this work.

I have the honor to be, Gentls,
Yours, respectfully,
A. B. CHAPIN

"Now publishing, by Messrs. J. F. Smith & Co., London, in 16 parts, at 2s. 6d. each; 8 divisions, at 6s. 6d. each; or 4 volumes, 11s. 6d. each, morocco cloth, the Jubilee Edition of the Complete Works of King Alfred the Great, now first collected and published in the English Language, with Introductory Essays, Notes and Illustrations, by some of the principal Anglo-Saxon scholars of the day."

"At a public meeting, held at the Alfred's Head Inn, Wantage, on Thursday, the 25th of October, 1849, G. Eyston, Esq., of Hendred House, Berkshire, in the Chair, to celebrate the *Thousandth Anniversary* of King Alfred the Great, and do honor to his memory, it was unanimously determined that a Jubilee Edition of all the Works of King Alfred, with copious literary, historical, and pictorial illustrations, should be immediately undertaken, to be edited by the most competent Anglo-Saxon scholars who might be willing to combine for such a purpose."

"EDITORS AND CONTRIBUTORS.—J. Y. Ackerman, esq., author of 'Coins of the Romans,' &c.; Dr. Bell, Foreign Secretary to the Archaeological Association; Rev. Dr. Bosworth, author of the 'Anglo-Saxon Dictionary'; J. Britton, Esq., F. S. A., author of 'Cathedral Antiquities,' &c.; J. S. Cardale, Esq., editor of 'Boethius'; Rev. J. Earle, Professor of Anglo-Saxon, Oriel College, Oxford; T. Forrester, Esq., author of 'Norway in 1049,' &c.; Rev. S. Fox, editor of the 'Anglo-Saxon Poetical Calendar'; Rev. Dr. Giles, author of 'Life and Times of Alfred the Great,' &c.; Rev. Dr. Haigh, author of the 'Coins of East Anglia,' &c.; Dr. Pauli, of the University of Berlin; B. Thorpe, Esq., editor of 'Ancient Laws, &c. of England'; M. F. Tupper, Esq., F.R.S., author of 'Proverbial Philosophy'; T. Wright, Esq., author of 'Anglo-Saxon Biography,' &c."

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Persons who intend subscribing to this work will please address the Rev. A. B. Chapin, D.D., South Glastonbury.

RICHARD HILDRETH, the historian, is preparing a "Theory of Politics," one of a series of works, of which the "Theory of Morals," published some eight years since, was the first. It is stereotyping in Boston, and the Harpers will be the publishers.

Mr. GEORGE L. BROWN, the artist, has been engaged during the past summer in making elaborate and finished drawings of the neighborhood of Rome, comprising Albano, Tivoli, &c. They are to be engraved and issued in parts of 12 or 15 numbers each. Mr. J. G. Chapman has lately etched several Italian costumes in a superior manner.

Mr. JOHN PARTIETT, Cambridge, will issue immediately "Stockhardt's Chemical Field Lectures," edited by J. E. Teschemacher; and a new edition of Brutus of Cicero, by Prof. Beck.

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